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EVE'S WEEKLY

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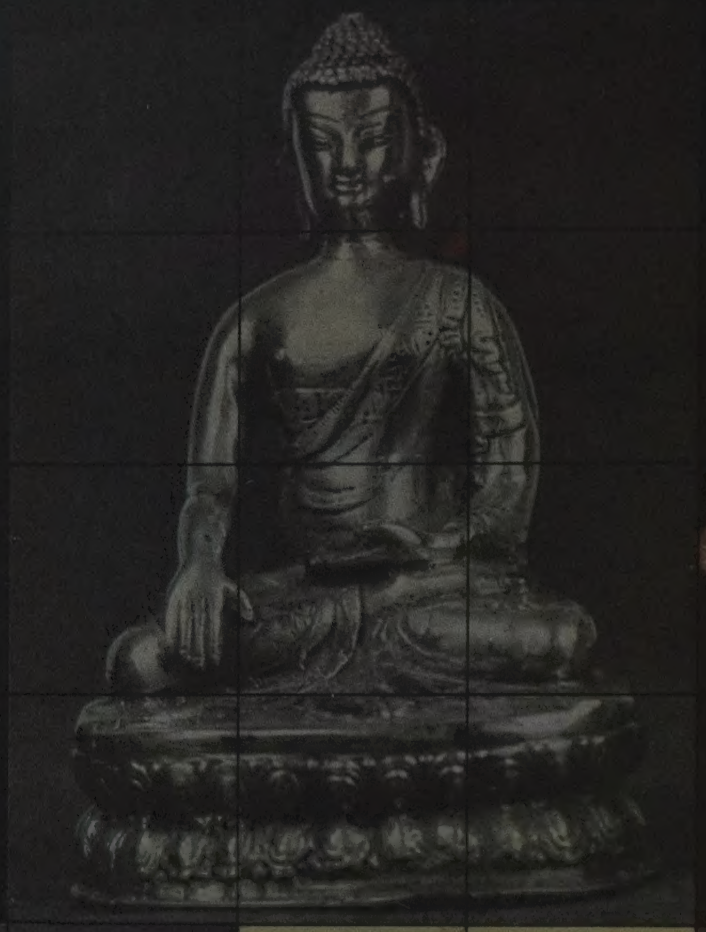

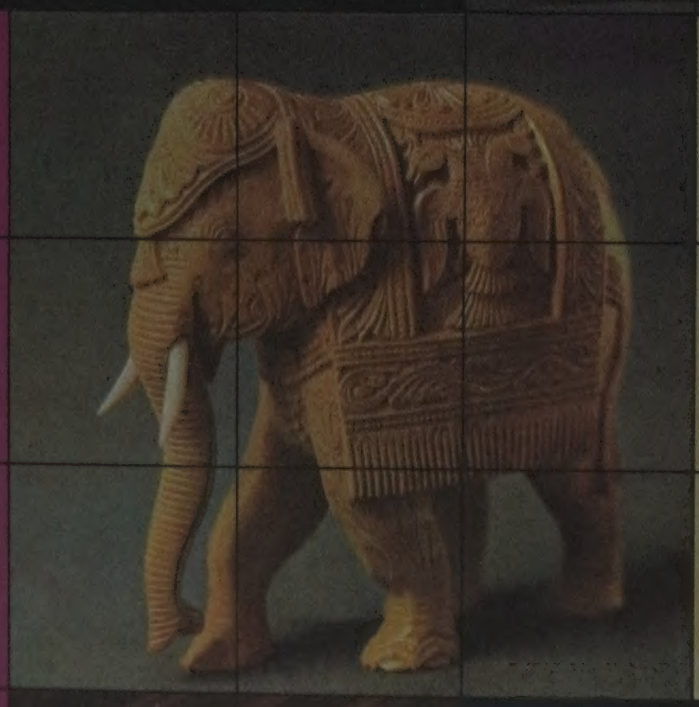

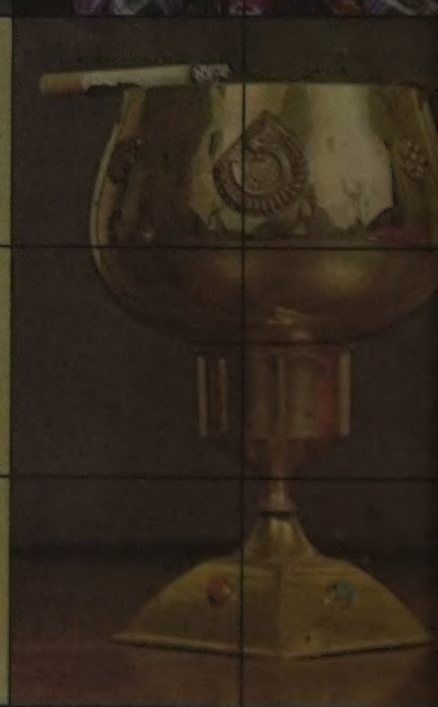

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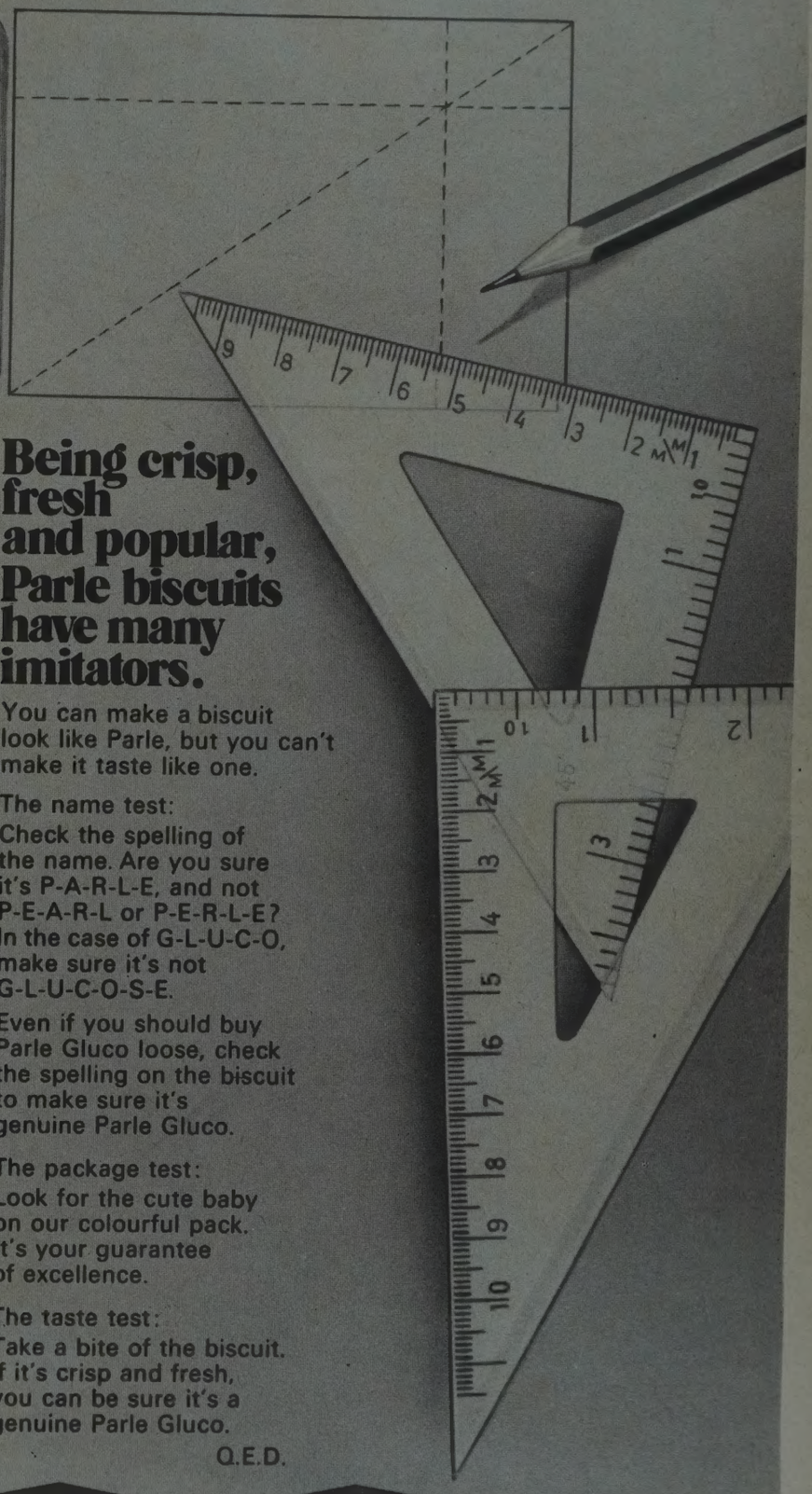

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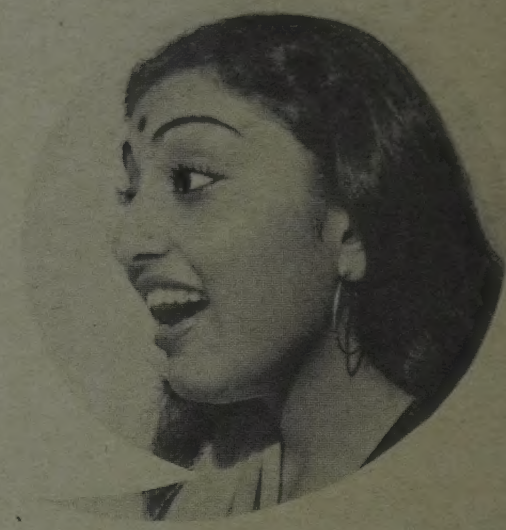

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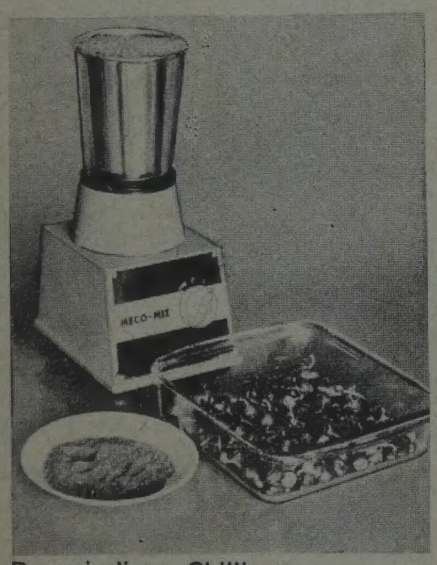
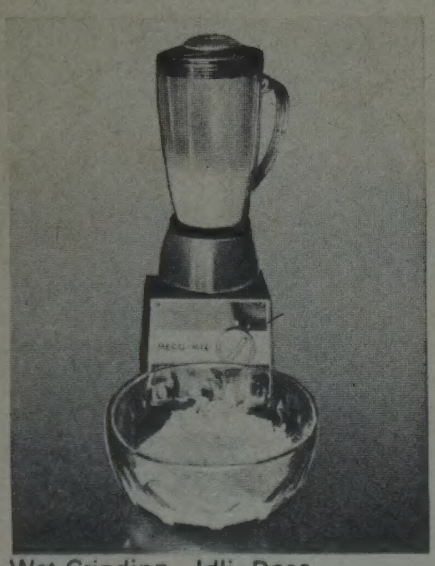
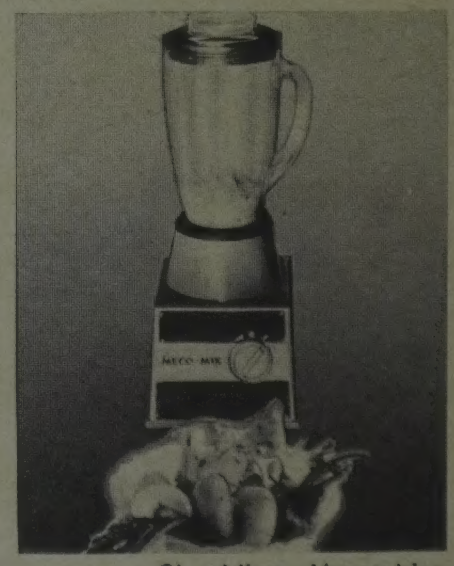


Dry grinding—Chillies

Wet grinding—Chutneys



Wet Grinding—Idli, Dosa, Vadai, pastes.



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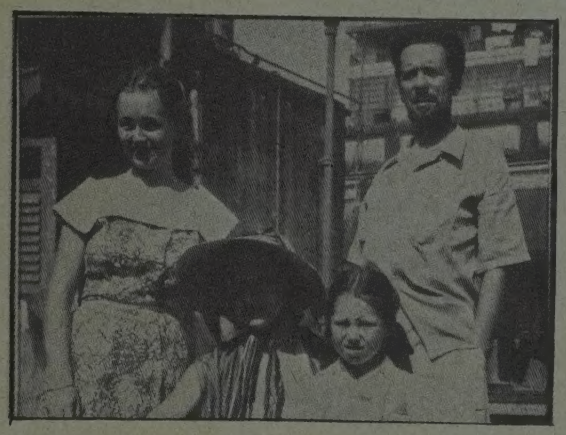
THIS WEEK

IS RESERVATION THE ANSWER?

There has been a lot of hue and cry over the years, and especially recently, about job reservations for scheduled castes and tribes. The fast deteriorating situation of women in the work force is now making people involved in women's welfare feel that job reservations for women might be necessary if women are to take their rightful place in the economic life of the country.
Page 10.



SHAKESPEAREANA REVISITED

Time was when the Kendals' travelling theatre troupe was a major source of entertainment around the country. Jennifer Kapoor reminisces about the good old days of Shakespeareana.
Page 14.

FOR A GREAT PARTY

Try some new ideas. Theme parties can liven up the routine parties today tend to fall into. A special feature for teenagers.
Page 38.

CHILDREN WALK

Towards the end of the IYC, a children's walking crusade was organized, from different parts of the country to Delhi. A report on the crusade and the seminar it culminated in.
Page 42.

ALSO

Fashion Accessories: New designs in silver jewellery — **Page 19** Solar Eclipse 1980: Don't miss it — **Page 21** Film Interview: Padma Khanna, no compromises — **Page 23** Woman in Focus: V.T. Jayalakshmi, working in public health — **Page 25** Story for Children — **Page 28.**

REGULAR FEATURES

Your Page/**7**, Readers' Voice/**9**, Passing Through/**13**, Comics/**22**, What's New/**25**, Fashion/**26**, Cookery/**31**, Short Story/**35**, Frankly Speaking/**47**, People & Events/**48**, Horoscope/**50**.

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YOUR PAGE

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1st PRIZE

RECALLING THE RIOTS

I was standing in my candle-lit verandah and looking onto the gloomy silent road before me. About a year ago, that very same road shared our laughter and merrymaking. More than half our crackers were burst on its stony breasts. Busy guests who had come to wish us Happy Diwali from the gate, stood atop that gravel and stuffed themselves with aromatic sweetmeats.

But this time, Diwali was very different. Only the flickering candles and 'diyas' in every house insisted it was Dipavali. Even the fragrance of pure ghees assailing the nostrils was not tempting enough—an essential part was missing. The loud-sounding crackers and the milling crowds were nowhere to be seen. No pealing laughter rang out. There was a strange hush.

In every heart there is a mingling of sadness and terror. The recent communal riots that had torn the city apart have left a gaping gash. Fire crackers have been banned. The few that were being burst by headstrong youths sent a ripple of fear down our spines. How can we be sure that it is a cracker and not a bomb? Had there been unity and trust this would not have happened. I urge every Indian to forget squabbles and to try and march ahead to a new and unique India. An India where every citizen is secure and every heart a storehouse of love.

NANDITA BERYL BOSE,
Jamshedpur

Amen. These are terrible memories for you, and we can imagine what you and your fellow citizens must have gone through. It is a matter of shame that three decades after fighting for our independence we are fighting each other...

2nd PRIZE

FOR THE WORSE?

With more and more employment opportunities coming up for women, a new kind of 'slavery' is emerging for them. Their role outside the home, no doubt, adds to the family income but, in many cases, neither changes their lifestyle nor gives them (or increases) decision-making powers at home. In other words, while the home situation remains unaffected, the responsibility and work of a woman increase with taking up wage work. She has to work outside the home. She has to perform several roles with little sympathy, appreciation or physical help and her position becomes worse than before, if she cannot take part in decision-making in the family.
So we must think not only about facilitating economic opportunities for women but of how to bring about equality of responsibilities in work and decision-making within the home. Do readers have any concrete suggestion as to how we could tackle this?"

PADMA RAMACHANDRAN,
Madras

You may be right. There must be scores of wage earning women who have no say in decision-making at home. But perhaps, these are not the really economically-independent women. The ones who are — the ones whom we constantly exhort, cajole and back up — certainly take part in decision-making . . . and may their tribe increase!

3rd PRIZE

OF TEA AND SAWDUST...

Of late, adulteration has spread so much that there is no essential article left which is not tampered with. Adulteration, which is a great social menace, has been flourishing (from edible oils to patent drugs) to such an extent that it appears to be beyond the normal control of the law-enforcing agencies of the Central and State Governments despite the existence of the law regulating and prohibiting the adulteration of foods and drugs in the country.

A sample of tea sold in the market revealed the existence of sawdust, boiled potato was found mixed with ghee seized from a wholesale trader, samples of milk, curd and ice-cream were found to contain solutions made of blotting paper! Instances are not wanting where the evil is being practised even in aerated waters and other cold drinks, so keenly sought after by thirsty consumers during the hot season. These are but a few of the many examples that could be cited here.

The role of the offenders engaged in these anti-social activities is all the more revolting because they play with the very lives of the innocent consumers. While one appreciates the hurdles and difficulties faced by the authorities in apprehending the offenders because of technical reasons and legal flaws involved in the process, it is high time that in the interest of the health of the nation, the concerned authorities adopted more vigorous and drastic measures to check, if not completely eradicate, activities of the racketeers who seek to enjoy and live at the cost of the community at large.

SUSHILA B. SALELKAR
Bombay

Law or no law, only loud and vociferous protests from the consumers will bring these criminals to book. Legislation is, of course, essential but along with it there must be a whole lot of consumer resistance where sub-standard and adulterated goods are concerned.

FLEECING THE PRODIGALS

It's amazing how our Customs Officials, without batting an eyelid, fleece the Indians employed abroad particularly in the Gulf countries — who come home on leave. They demand exorbitant sums from these people by way of bribes for release of the goods brought by them into India, for which no receipt is issued to them (it is common knowledge that most of these people bring things as gifts for their near and dear ones). Of course, the customs do charge tax on some electrical items to hoodwink the government and for which they do issue receipts.

These are not mere allegations but facts which we hear from people coming to India, time and again. And if they show a little reluctance to pay the demanded sum, the officials make the procedures a torture for them. But what I really want to know is whether the customs officials are aware that they are extracting hard-earned money from honest people who work in Gulf countries; I know for sure that these people really do work hard and life there is not a bed of roses as people generally assume.

MRS. LAVINIA VINCENT
Bombay

Such corruption as you talk of, is prevalent all over — not only in the Customs. Harassment of incoming nationals from abroad is now a fact of life, but then it has, to a great extent, evolved from the excesses perpetrated by the passengers themselves who are no less guilty of cheating and corruption.

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READERS' VOICE

Most articles raise a question, a comment or at least a criticism. Write them down and mail them to us!

SMOTHERING LOVE

The article "Was I Both Mother and Wife to My Son?" (True Confession, November 10) was one of the best that has been featured in this column.

It was not only thought-provoking, but a harsh reminder to mothers that their over-whelming and smothering love can one day receive a severe jolt. The innumerable sacrifices she made as a widow to bring up her only son — the only reminder of her blissful married years — did nothing to bring her the joy and satisfaction she expected in her later years. Isn't this an eye-opener to us mothers that what we should expect as our children grow up is only: "each one for himself and God for all"? It is not unlikely that there is a negligible minority among children who still care devotedly for their parents. Today, we mothers especially should harden ourselves so that we can bear the pain of a similar fate.

N. KRISHNAN, Lucknow.

WOMEN ARE TO BLAME

This is with reference to the article, "Horrors a third daughter!" by Neera Kuckreja Sohoni (November 17). Who is responsible for the situation? Of course, the ladies — mothers, mothers-in-law, aunts etc. I have seen many mothers saying with great depression, "Hamare Bhagya Mein Kaya Larkiyan Hee Hain?" (Are only girl in our luck?). And so with the mother-in-law, except for a difference of launguage, "Kaya pothe ka mooh dekhe bina hee marna parega?" (Shall we die without seeing the face of the grandson?). In such cases I have seen the fathers of the daughters consoling their spouses. There are again women who insist on a third child with the hope that it may be a boy, as if it is a lottery game. They do not realise the responsibilities attached to a child. Gone are the days when this proverb — "Bhagwan Janam deta hai toh roti bhi dega" (When God gives a birth, he will also provide food). Now daily food is not sufficient. Education, medical facilities etc. are as necessary as food and it is very difficult to provide all this in these hard days.

VIMLA DUA, Ajmer.

A NICE GESTURE

The two short poems by Nalini Chandran under the title, "Random Thoughts of a Recently Bereaved Widow" (November 17 and 24) were very humane and touching. To many of your readers who are defence service wives, Lt. Col. & Mrs. Chandran were very well known and popular. The poems were realistic and beautifully written, and publishing them was really a very good gesture on your part. A very big thank you.

ELIZABETH CHERIAN, Bombay.

TOO MUCH SEX

In "Free Sex Around the World" (November 24) you give us a broad spectrum of views on this burning question. The women from the East say 'No, sex must be sanctified by marriage'. The West thinks it is a matter for individual choice. Neither mention that promiscuous sex spreads venereal diseases, increasingly common among teenagers everywhere. Also, that the individual who has too much sex cannot think of it as an act of love with the marriage partner.

DR. GOWRIE B. RATNAVAT, Hyderabad

NEXT WEEK

ISSUE OF JAN. 26

UNDERSTANDING FUNDAMENTAL RIGHTS

There has been much talk in recent times about democracy, authoritarianism and fundamental rights, but little effort to understand and communicate what constitutes our fundamental rights. On the occasion of the thirtieth Republic Day of India, an analysis of these rights.

A CITIZEN'S MANIFESTO

A concerned individual sets forth a blueprint for the new government, based on what she feels are important issues that should be resolved without delay or ado.

WOMEN REVOLUTIONARIES

Remembering some of the women who fought for the country's freedom.

TWO WIVES UNDER ONE ROOF

Bigamy is more common than one generally thinks. The personal experience of a second wife.

Plus all our regular features.

IS JOB RESERVATION THE CURRENT TREND OF SHRINKING EMPLOYMENT FOR WOMEN IS DISTURBING, AND MAKES A FARCE OF OUR CONSTITUTIONAL GUARANTEES

Subhadra Butalia

Presiding over the "Women and Employment" seminar in October last year, Mr. Justice V. R. Krishna Iyer of the Supreme Court recommended the appointment of an OMBUDSWOMAN to secure social justice and equality of opportunity for women and to ensure that "statutory provisions to prevent discrimination against women" are sincerely implemented. No doubt constitutional guarantees of equality irrespective of sex and class are there. In fact, so far as the rhetoric is concerned Indian women are in a very happy position. But their deteriorating employment situation belies the assurances given in the Constitution.

The United Nations resolution of December 1972 proclaimed 1975 as the International Women's Year and followed it up by declaring 1975 to 1985 as the Decade for Women. Countries all over the world honoured this by announcements of action programmes for the uplift of the status of women. Yet four years or the decade have passed and the goal of equality even in the field of employment is as far away as ever for Indian women. Their participation in employment has touched a new low. Despite the fact that they are about 50 per cent of the population, they continue to be the vast unemployed and under-employed majority.

In 1947, the employed male-female ratio was 10 to 4, but in 1975 it came down to 10 to 2. On a conservative estimate it is falling by about 10 per cent per year. The Committee on the Status of Women set up in 1975 observed that "if this trend of shrinking employment avenues continues, a time will come when prostitution will be the only profession open to women."

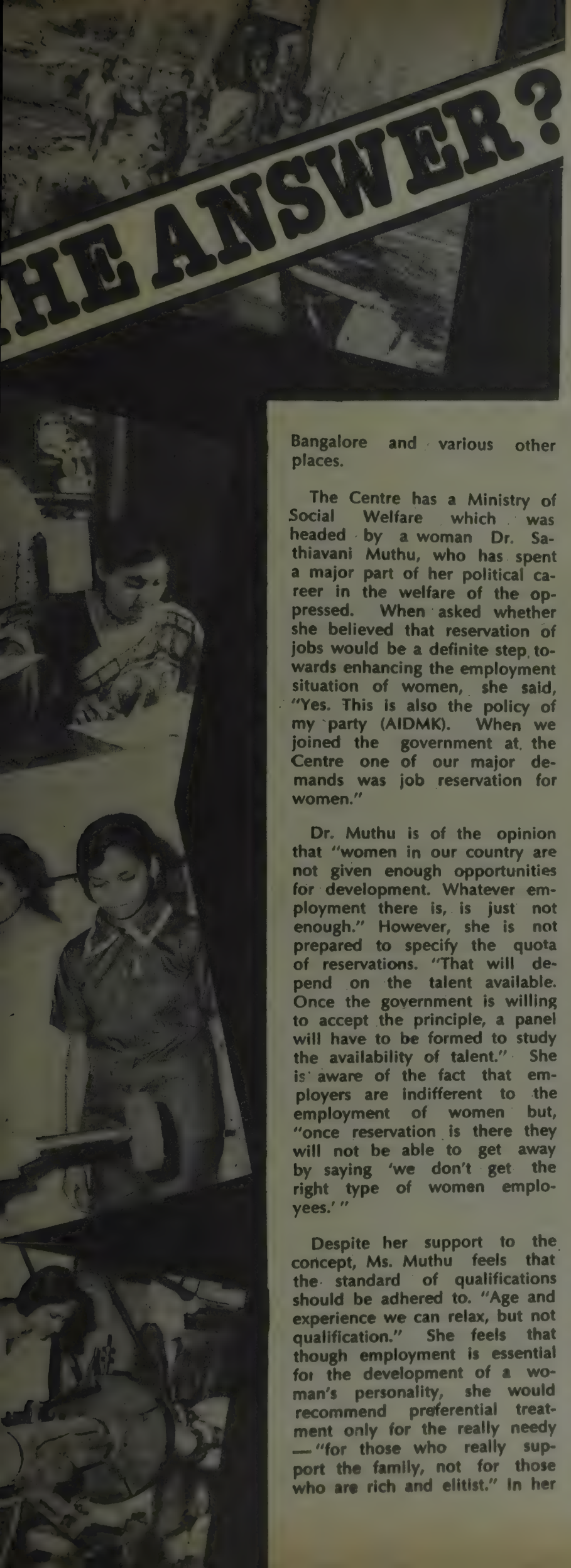
This shattering observation makes a farce of the constitutional guarantees. Traditional attitudes still continue to obstruct women's employment, though in principle we tend to concede that a woman is as much a bearer of human rights as a man is, and that discrimination and deprivation on the basis of gender are violative of the constitutional assurances. How can equality and justice be achieved through means which are self-contradictory and incompatible with our professions?

Political leaders, trade unionists and employers are generally men and are characteristically averse to giving an independent economic status to women. Prime Minister Charan Singh is stated to have said that a woman's place is "in the home milking the buffaloes." Devraj Urs says that "even nature discriminates between sexes." Jagjivan Ram, the champion of the oppressed, says wryly: "Women have ruled from inside the house and from outside the house. Now we are trying to protect ourselves from them!"

Trade unionists decry the influx of women in the employment force, because they say that it is bound to have an adverse effect on the already poor employment situation in the country. When a woman dies or retires from service, a man is pushed in her place, but when a man dies, his wife or daughter is not employed in his place even when he leaves behind no son. This invariably reduces the strength of employed women.

Employers move grudgingly in giving jobs to women and use all kinds of evasive methods to keep themselves out of the purview of the protective laws for women workers. To quote the Sixth Plan draft: "The labour market as it is operating is not neutral between man and woman." The law of the land is being brazenly violated by managements and employers where the employment of women is concerned.

The National Federation of Indian Women raised the demand for reservation of jobs for women in December 1978 and subsequently in February 1979. Their slogan of "reserve 25 per cent jobs for women" was later taken up by their branches in Lucknow,



Bangalore and various other places.

The Centre has a Ministry of Social Welfare which was headed by a woman Dr. Sathiavani Muthu, who has spent a major part of her political career in the welfare of the oppressed. When asked whether she believed that reservation of jobs would be a definite step towards enhancing the employment situation of women, she said, "Yes. This is also the policy of my party (AIDMK). When we joined the government at the Centre one of our major demands was job reservation for women."

Dr. Muthu is of the opinion that "women in our country are not given enough opportunities for development. Whatever employment there is, is just not enough." However, she is not prepared to specify the quota of reservations. "That will depend on the talent available. Once the government is willing to accept the principle, a panel will have to be formed to study the availability of talent." She is aware of the fact that employers are indifferent to the employment of women but, "once reservation is there they will not be able to get away by saying 'we don't get the right type of women employees.'"

Despite her support to the concept, Ms. Muthu feels that the standard of qualifications should be adhered to. "Age and experience we can relax, but not qualification." She feels that though employment is essential for the development of a woman's personality, she would recommend preferential treatment only for the really needy —"for those who really support the family, not for those who are rich and elitist." In her view, those who come out to work only to kill time because they have cooks and ayahs at home not only deprive the needy, but create friction in their homes. Therefore, "family background should be one of the considerations for selection."

Miss Shanti Chakravarty, Director of Rural Women's Welfare, is not happy with the idea of reservation. Why 15 or 25 per cent? She says, "Women form 50 per cent of India's population. Giving them a meagre percentage is not doing them justice.", Though Ms. Chakravarty does not believe in job reservation, yet some reservation there should be in blue collar jobs, because it is there that man and machine are displacing women. They are constantly being pushed out in the name of modernisation of techniques. "It is reservation within the reserved sector," is how she puts it. Jobs for these women are extremely important because whatever they earn goes towards the betterment and maintenance of the family. It is seldom that woman squanders her earning on drink and gambling whereas men often do. In white collar jobs women are coming up in open competition and so no reservation is necessary.

Ms. Vina Mazumdar, Director, ICSSR, and member of the Working Group on women's employment, set up by the Planning Commission, is not in favour of open reservation. "It is not a feasible proposition," she says, because it is only in government establishments and those maintained by the government that jobs can be earmarked. It is only middle-class women and those who are politically favoured who have access to such jobs. This means that job reservations will benefit only this limited sector of women.

Actually, it is at the grass root level that the problem is crucial. For the lower-middle-class women the employment situation is very poor. In government maintained organisations political interference and favouritism will vitiate the atmosphere and the basic problem of women's employment will be lost sight of. Job reservation will also give the government an excuse to evade the responsibility of laying down policies for promoting women's employment. They will say that they have done their best in reserving jobs for women.

Ms. Mazumdar is also convinced that reservation of jobs for women will create confrontation and we shall get into difficulty with the trade unions whereas we need their cooperation. It will be treated as a counter form of reservation which is not in keeping with our Constitution. "But," she added, "to encourage women's employment, the Working Group on the status of women has already recommended outright reservations and incentives in all training centres. The government is also addressing itself to the problem of grants for women's vocational training. It is felt that once women have the aptitude and qualifications, they will be motivated to come in open competition for emloyment.

The idea of reservation at the training level only and not in the procurement of jobs appears to be self-contradictory. More so when the principle behind it is not only to create motivation but to put women in open competition.. The declining women's employment shows that the malaise is not so much in the system as in the way it is circumvented. Trade unions insist upon relegating women to domesticity.

Whether in education, employment, service conditions or equal wages, women are openly discriminated against. Their present cultural, social and economic situation is the outcome of an unjust socio-economic system which preaches one thing and practises another. Women have been given the constitutional right to work, but hostile or indifferent attitudes have stood in the way of ensuring their rights. Reservation at the training level only may not succeed in changing attitudes, and may end up by creating more frustration and a greater sense of being discriminated against.

Therefore some level of compensatory and preferential treatment to the deprived is necessary to make up for the results of past discrimination. Reserving a fixed quota of jobs for women will in due course of time succeed in making a dent in attitudes against women's employment and help in bringing about a rebalance. It is only when we break away from customary promises that we shall be able to grapple with the situation. For, to quote Simone de Beauvoir, "The problem lies not in the rigours of the law but in the severity of custom."

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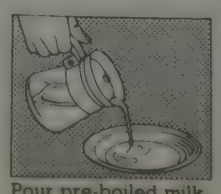
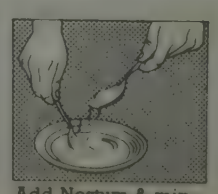

Pour pre-boiled milk.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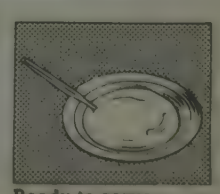
Ready to serve.

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PASSING THROUGH

NATALIA TELEKI

THE VOICE OF CELEBRITIES

Juan Fercsey

United Nations: When Salim Ahmed Salim of Tanzania, President of the 34th General Assembly of the United Nations, speaks in Spanish, his voice is a very pleasant woman's voice. His speech, in English, is simultaneously translated into Spanish by an Argentinian lady, Natalia Teleki, who also interpreted, for half an hour, the second part of the address of Pope John Paul II to the world, in the General Assembly.

Natalia Teleki is a pretty, blond young lady who, a few weeks ago, became the chief of the Spanish section of the U.N. interpreters. In total, there are 110 interpreters in the United Nations, 22 of them in the Spanish section — most of them Argentinians. A U.N. interpreter must speak, perfectly, three of the world organization's five official languages: English, Spanish, French, Russian and Chinese. Actually, Arabic is also added to them. The interpreters and translators are indispensable tools of the United Nations; last autumn, the work of the General Assembly had to be stopped for a few days — paralyzed by a strike of the interpreters.

"That was really a strike suggested by the medical service," said Natalia. "They decided that seven sessions a week, each of them for three hours, is the maximum that a nervous system can endure." Usually the interpreters work in pairs, alternating with each other every 30 minutes.

Simultaneous interpretation, which requires a very special talent, is an extraordinarily demanding job. Do you speak a second language? If you do, try to interpret a short speech and you will find out how difficult it is. It is not mere luck that these highly qualified interpreters receive 20 000 dollars annually to start with, and some of them reach an annual salary of as much as 60,000 dollars! For decades they have been doing the same job, ever since their first day in the United Nations.

Natalia Teleki is truly international. She was born in Budapest, Hungary, of a Russian father and Hungarian (Transylvanian) mother, as Natasha Tcharikow. Her father, George, a Russian who was a student in England, left Hungary after World War II and went to Buenos Aires, Argentina, with his family; her mother now lives in Buenos Aires.

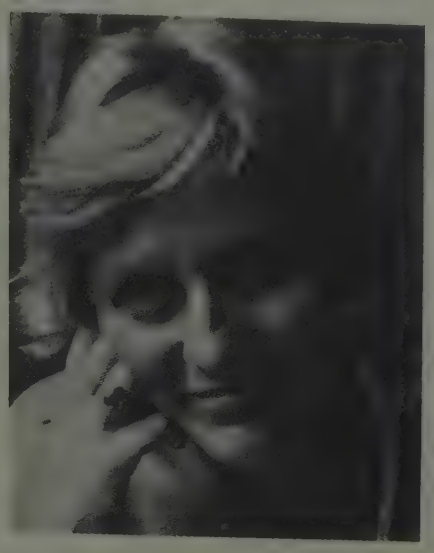
At home, the family spoke Hungarian, English and French, and Natasha-Natalia went to the Colegio del Sagrado Corazon (the College of the Sacred Heart), where she learnt Spanish and later perfected her French in the Alliance Francaise. Later, she became a teacher in Platanos, near Buenos Aires, in the school of the Hungarian Sisters of the Order of Maria Ward of England, and when she won a scholarship from the Alliance Francaise, she went to the Sorbonne in Paris to study translation and interpretation.

In 1962, the United Nations announced a worldwide contest for translators. From the original 5,000 applicants, 500 were selected and after the final test, given simultaneously in a dozen cities, only two were accepted, one of them being Natasha. She began to work immediately in the United Nations, and in 1967, she became an interpreter.

Natalia-Natasha Tcharikow married Gabor Teleki, a Hungarian-born electronics engineer, in New York. Natalia and Gabor Teleki have two children and at home they speak Hungarian, Spanish and English.

The interpreters work in a small booth above the General Assembly hall, the Security Council and other rooms. In front of them, there are two microphones and two or three earphones. They are supposed to understand all kinds of accents. Imagine a debate between a Zambian, a Pakistani, a Guayanese and a delegate from Trinidad and Tobago, all speaking with different accents. It is not easy to understand, instantaneously, Japanese-English or Caribbean-English.

In the General Assembly or in the Security Council, the delegates can hear a speech simul-



taneously in any of the six languages they prefer, by turning a button at their seats. "There are two kinds of interpretation," said Natalia Teleki, "the simultaneous one, and the consecutive one, among two or three or more persons who speak different languages."

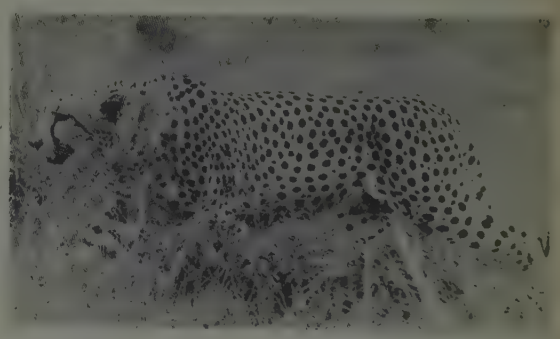
Natalia has participated in confidential conversations of many world leaders and well-known persons, mostly with Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim. She was the interpreter in talks with the former Ethiopain Emperor, Haile Selassie, Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, French President Giscard d'Estaing, Chinese Foreign Minister Huang Hua (when he spoke in English in conversations, because in the debates, the Chinese always speak Chinese, and the Soviets speak Russian), Aba Eban of Israel. Among Latin Americans, for instance, she was the interpreter for the wife of former Venezuelan President Carlos Andres Perez, Ecuador's President Jaime Roldos and, years ago, she interpreted conversations between Kurt Waldheim and the late Chilean President, Salvador Allende.

Every U.N. interpreter has a speciality: financial, jurisdical, etc. Natalia's preferred topic is disarmament. She worked for years with Ambassador Carlos Ortiz de Rosas of Argentina, who was Chairman of the Disarmament Committee.

Natalia, sometimes, goes to U.N. conferences outside the New York headquarters. Last summer she was in Belgrade, working with the Committee of 24 on Decolonization.

Besides great mental ability and an extraordinary talent for languages — she speaks Spanish, English, French, Hungarian, and is also fluent in German, Russian, Italian and Portuguese — she acquired experience in the new style of interpretation. During the early years at the U.N. an interpreter used to wait until the speaker ended a phrase, now the interpretation is really simultaneous. translated after every five or six words. "With a few interpreters like Natalia," said a colleague, "the Tower of Babel would have been built quite high."

THE CHEETAH an endangered species



The latest poster produced by World Wildlife Fund-India is a vibrant picture of the Cheetah — an animal which no longer exists in the wild in India. Excessive hunting and indiscriminate destruction of its habitat has driven the Indian Cheetah to extinction! The Cheetah symbolises the possible fate of many of India's endangered wildlife species.

This magnificent picture (in colour) was photographed by the well-known Indian photographer, Mr. E. Hanumantha Rao, and is ideal for a gift. Priced at Rs. 10, the poster can be purchased from WWF-India's Educational Products Section at Great Western Building, 1st floor, Shahid Bhagat Singh Road, Bombay, or from its regional offices at Bangalore, Calcutta and Delhi.

Two publications — which would be of interest to tourists and bird-watchers — are also available from WWF-India headquarters: "Wildlife Sanctuaries — Do's and Dont's for Tourists" and "An Introduction to the Waterbirds of Mahim Sanctuary".

WWF-India seeks the support of the public in saving the natural environment of the country.

A young girl of 13 stands on the ample stage of the Garrison theatre of St. Xavier's, Calcutta, with tears gathering slowly in her tawny eyes.

"Again!" says her father implacably from the back of the theatre.

She starts again in a a choked voice, her throat constricted by the sticky clutch of hurt pride and despair.

Outside the walls of the theatre a nation lies torn in two. The tumultuous raging of a communal storm buffets the subcontinent. Fires of hatred and joy sweep, over it. It is 1947 and India has won her independence.

But for young Jennifer Bragg on the stage there is only anguish. She cannot play Constance to her father's satisfaction, and she is a miserable failure after all.

At 13 you are impetuous, capricious, volatile — ready to die in a moment. Today, at 45, the same tawny-eyed girl agrees she is far from a failure on stage. But a success? "Oh no! I'm never fully satisfied with anything I have ever done." From anyone else such a remark would smack of too obvious modesty thinly veiling conceit; but from Jennifer Kapoor, it is sincere.

Unfortunately, until the release of "Junoon", Jennifer's accomplishments as on actress had been hidden from the public eye under the obliterating fog of being a film star's wife. When "Junoon" was released, people were taken aback by the force of her performance.

What they failed to realize was that Shashi Kapoor's wife is an artiste in her own right, one who has spent more than half her life on stage and undergone a more rigorous training than most. Today, she is a proven actress and she gives the credit entirely to her parents. "If I am anything today, and my sister Felicity is the big star that she is, it is all due to my parents. They gave us the best training one could possibly have. They demanded perfection and knew how to bring out the best in us," she declared.

Jennifer's parents are an astonishingly gifted and wonderful couple, devoted to each other and to the theatre. Geoffrey Bragg and Laura Liddell met while working in the same theatrical company, and left soon after to start their own Bragg-Liddell Co. that toured England staging the plays of Shaw and Sheridan in the early 1930's.

Jennifer was born in 1934 in Southport. Her father was playing Svengali in "Trilby" the night she was born, "and they couldn't decide whether to call me Trilby or Miranda!" Jennifer spent her infancy in dressing rooms among greasepaint and footlights. Her first performance was at 9 months as the changeling boy in "A Midsummer Night's Dream".

"It was my first and only performance in the nude!" she laughs. Unfortunately, she bungled it and was relegated to the wings for the rest of the season. Evidently, her mother, who was playing Puck, was the cause of her downfall. Jennifer screamed blue murder when she saw her mother painted an abominable shade of green!

The Bragg-Liddell Co. toured till 1939, when the distant rumble of war in Europe became a crackling thunder overhead.

TOP: The Kendal family, Calcutta 1954.

RIGHT: A daily rehearsal, Calcutta 1954.

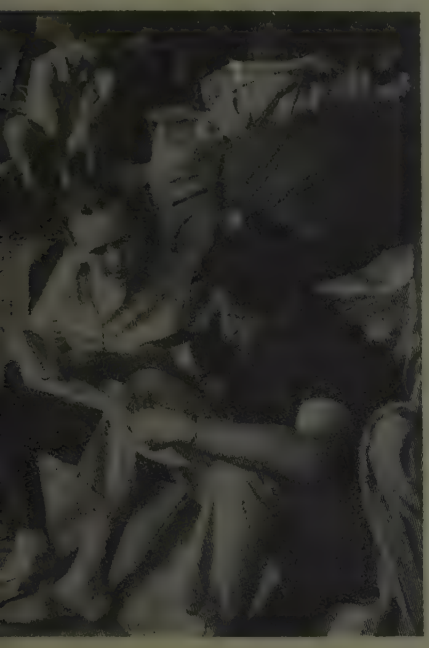
THE SHAKESPEARE

FOR MANY OF US, OUR FIRST EXPERIENCE OF SEEING SHAKESPEARE ENACTED WAS THROUGH THE MARVELLOUS PERFORMANCES THE KENDALS PUT UP IN SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES IN THEIR ATTEMPT TO BRING SHAKESPEARE TO THOSE WHO HAD HITHERTO NEVER KNOWN HIM OUTSIDE THE PAGES OF BOOKS

Sunaina Lowe

Vith the Second World War, ntertainment too became a ra-ioned item and meant primarily or soldiers. The Entertainment National Service Association ENSA) was formed for entertaining Allied soldiers stationed ll over the world. Geoffrey Bragg and his wife along with heir company, were absorbed nto ENSA. It was under the egis of ENSA that Geoffrey and

Jennifer and Shashi at a railway station, 1957.



-WALLAHS

his troupe first came out to India in 1945.

In India, Geoffrey was captivated by the wholehearted enthusiasm of his Indian audiences. It was so unlike the staid, inhibited reception that they invariably got in England. The Indians were unconstrained in expressing their sentiments. "You could hear them tut-tutting when Othello slapped Desdemona, even some comments of 'Oh! he shouldn't have done that.' And you could hear them laugh uproariously even in tragedies like Hamlet or Macbeth, if something amused them. It was wonderful."

Such a tangible reception fired Geoffrey's crusading spirit. He was a man deeply in love with the English language. He believed if people were obliged to learn English it should be done in as wholesome a manner as possible. It became his passion to tour India bringing Shakespeare to those people who had hitherto never known him outside the pages of a book. He became a man with a mission.

Meanwhile, Jennifer had been left behind in England with her grandmother to pursue her studies. An extremely clever girl, she remained far ahead of her class in most subjects. So when her parents returned in 1946, they decided that a tour of India, which Geoffrey was constantly mulling over in his brain, was going to be more educative than a year in school. Jennifer, at 12, was finally to be initiated to the theatre in full.

But amazingly, Jennifer was hesitant. "I was not interested in the theatre at that stage. Part of this rejection arose from my feeling that my parents were forcing me into it. I felt I was being pushed, that they were solving their problem of leaving me behind by forcibly taking me along." But gradually she came round and by the time the troupe was assembled, Jennifer was as excited as her parents about leaving.

The new troupe was christened "Shakespeareana" and Geoffrey, deciding that Bragg was no name for any performer to have, changed it to Kendal, the name of the town he came from. So the Kendals with "Shakespeareana", and baby Felicity, six months old, set sail for India in December 1946. Rehearsing and performing on board, they arrived in Bombay in January 1947.

India in 1947 was a tense land, riddled with political imbroglios and ideological belligerence. But to young Jennifer, just turning 13 it was an intensely exciting country peopled with Maharajahs and crawling with tigers. She was charmed by the people she met and the places she visited. She bloomed in the excitement of a totally new experience. But alas, her theatrical career was not having the same success.

"Shakespeareana" first played at St. Xavier's, Bombay, staging "Merchant of Venice" in which Jennifer had a one-line role. It was her first speaking part and unremarkable as such. Jennifer's father wanted to play at the educational institutions — the schools, colleges, convents — to those people who already had a certain knowledge of Shakespeare.

His tour took them all over India — Bombay, Hyderabad, Mysore, Delhi, Assam, Calcutta, Punjab. And all along Jennifer showed no signs of improving. Her father finally despaired in Calcutta where "Shakespeareana" was enjoying an especially hectic and successful season. Something had to be done and he did it. Ignoring her tears, he grilled her relentlessly till she finally improved her performance. Today she agrees it was effective and says, "It is the best kind of training anyone could have had. I would love my children to learn in the same way."

They spent 1947 touring India, working extremely hard, larking about, laughing a lot, and fighting a lot, travelling, rehearsing, living history. Caught in Delhi during the summer riots of 1947, unable to stir from their hotel because of the

Linda Liddell — playing many roles in composite shows, Bombay. Sets made by the Shakespeareana Company.

THE SHAKESPEARE-WALLAHS

strict curfew, they played to the other hotel guests.

The winter of 1947 they spent in Calcutta playing a lovely long season to the public. Here the Kendals made an innovation. They were extremely keen on encouraging local talent. Geoffery invited Indian actors to join him. Several undergraduate students, among them Utpal Dutt and Pratap Roy, joined them enthusiastically. "Julius Caesar" was their first play with Indian actors. A full cast version of "Othello" was also possible now.

Flushed by the success at Calcutta, "Shakespeareana" was keen to do the same in Bombay. They moved down to Bombay only to walk slap-bang into the news of Gandhi's assassination For the nation the bubble of joy had burst. Some actors too became restive for their families and jobs back in England. Sadly, "Shakespeareana" packed their bags and left for England in February 1948.

Back in England, with new actors, the Kendals once again toured England, did two seasons in Ireland and one in Malta. It was these formative years that saw Jennifer stabilise herself as an artiste. Her real training had started. In England the now defunct practice of the "weekly repertory" was still prevalent in the 1950's. In the weekly repertory a company would put up a different play every week and on the day after the first performance start rehearsing the next week's play.

The pace was killing, the work unending. Jennifer underwent one year of torture, but claims that nothing has benefited her more. At the age of 16, playing a big role in Noel Coward's "The Blythe Spirit", she suddenly felt herself mature into an actress. "I suddenly felt in control of the situation. I could make the audience laugh when I wanted, and sober down just as I pleased. It was a tremendous moment. I think that is when I really settled down to good acting."

Geoffrey Kendal's heart was still in India. An idea was taking root in his mind. He would have a cosmopolitan company with actors from all over the world. They would tour all these countries where English was studied as a second language. His idea was reinforced by the success he had had with the Indian

ABOVE: Jennifer as Bianca in outdoor production of "The Taming of the Shrew" at Doon School, 1954.

RIGHT: Linda Liddell in "She Stoops to Conquer", England, 1950.

actors in Calcutta. But nothing could materialise till 1953.

The Kendals again asked for volunteers willing to come to India for a period of one year with "Shakespeareana". The group they finally assembled consisted of a lot of young blood and excitement ran high. It was a merry company that reached India in 1953.

From the start it was a tremendous success, and their performances simply snowballed "The tour that started out as a one-year contract never really ended. It isn't really ended even now."

They toured the educational institutions of India and Pakistan, playing only very seldom at private clubs, palaces and guesthouses. They performed regardless of weather and health, designing their productions so that they could be played on anything from a drawing room floor to a ill-equipped theatre. They expanded or condensed their plays according to the availability of actors.

Many dropped out to go back to their families and careers in England and several others joined them. Indians were taken at the very outset and Utpal Dutt and Anwar Mirza were among the first to join. But recruiting local actors was always a problem and often one actor played two or three roles. They designed and made their own sets, their own costumes and props. They broadcast their plays from the AIR stations of all the places they went to.

Facing the rigours of India was often no joke. They played in the wilds of Jorhat, in the intense heat of Baluchistan, in the snows of Darjeeling, and, adds Jennifer, "I don't remember one person taking a day off due to sickness." It was hard work travelling, rehearsing, acting and moving on again. But they were all possessed of a spirit of adventure and the rollicking times they had far outweighed the discomforts.

Braving the onslaught of Indian mosquitoes, especially when you are playing dead Desdemona. can hardly be funny. But Jennifer swears she did find it so, especially when there would be a

...ower failure and an earth tre-...nor to brave along with the ...osquitoes.

"We were constantly larking ...round and wisecracking and ...uoting at each other. We were ...orever competing for the hon-...ur of making the most apt ...uote, often with hilarious res-...lts. We had a standing joke ...bout the bathroom keys. People never seemed to realise that actors need a bathroom just as much as anyone else. And every time we asked for the loo Invariably the answer would be 'Yes, there is a bathroom, but the man with the keys has gone away!' "

The Kendals never made money with "Shakespeareana". They alternated between the lows of poverty and sudden peaks of wealth which dissipated all too soon. But their indigence never pulled them down. They were dedicated people doing their work with a missionary spirit. Making money was never the prime objective of the Kendals.

"We were poor, but it never bothered us. We were always extremely happy, doing the thing we loved to do. We just needed enough to travel and we somehow always had it." At one time they tried to get royal sponsors like Maharani Gayatari Devi and the Maharaja of Gwalior. But the idea never worked.

They lived in digs and travelled third class.

Jennifer's mother always carried a little pot of black paint with which she painted out the lights at night because they never switched them off in the 3rd class compartments! But they achieved more for themselves than a thousand, ordinary people in their thousand ordinary well-paid jobs.

James Ivory, a British director, and Ismail Merchant, trying to capture the spirit and life of the Kendals made the movie, "Shakespearewallah" in 1964. "People who saw the movie somehow got the feeling of depression. But we were never depressed," emphasizes Jennifer. "We had some difficult times, but we were never dismal or depressed. We always laughed a lot. We had terrible fights too, but were joking in no time again. Those were wonderful years. I wouldn't exchange them for anything in the world."

In 1956 Jennifer met Shashi Kapoor in Calcutta where Prithvi Theatres were having a very succesful run. They met on and off till Shashi joined "Shakespeareana", standing in temporarily for one of the actors who had left. He fitted in so well that he stayed on permanently.

"Shakespeareana" went to the Far East in '57 - '58. They toured Malaysia, Singapore, Japan, Borneo. Midway through the tour, Jennifer and Shashi flew back to get married. They rejoined her parents after a few months and worked on till her first boy Kunal was born in 1958. After that her work with "Shakespeareana" became patchy. She shuttled between her flat in Bombay and wherever "Shakespeareana" was playing. Eventually with the confinement for her second baby she pulled out of the company completely. "I did not feel it was fair to my parents. Just as they had reorganised the play without me I would land back and cause another reorganisation."

Her retirement was not a planned move, it just happened, but Jennifer did not feel as if she was leaving the theatre. There was always the idea of starting again at some time. But things did not work like that and she slipped further and further into the life of being a film star's wife and mother of two growing boys with a home to run.

She came out briefly in 1971 to shoot "'Bombay Talkies" for Ivory and Merchant, but she felt it was an absolute failure. "It was a terrible, terrible, experience. I was absolutely appalling. I made the unforgiveable mistake of playing down too much in trying to adapt theatre to film. But it was a total disaster. I couldn't have been more wrong. I underplayed too much."

It put her off films and engendered serious doubts as to her own capability. When Shyam Benegal offered her the role in "Junoon" she had a severe attack of stagefright and nerves. "I wasn't at all sure I could do it. Especially with this long break in between. It was 16 years since I had done any stage acting and the disaster of 'Bombay Talkies' was still in my mind." She needn't have worried. She was stupendous. And now with her pride salvaged she plans to do some more films.

She has often thought of going back to the stage but in India, the theatre is severely restricted by the barrier of accent and language. "Being a middle-aged foreign lady narrows down your scope a lot." She finds this problem in film too. In 1974, not content with being a "memsaab" she and her husband took stock of the situation. She could go to England to work like her sister Felicity who is a big star in English films, theatre and T.V. But she knew her marriage would suffer and the plan was discarded.

Today, she yearns to do something like her parents did with "Shakespeareana". But what she is looking for is "the right kind of people to spring out of the earth and come to me. I am not an initiator. I wait for things to happen to me."

She would love to have a company and tour India again with people who are, like her, dedicated to the theatre as a profession and "are not using it as a stepping stone to films." Till then she waits and dreams of those lovely days when they laughed and quarrelled and sang together in the third class compartment of a train. And her mother with a little pot of black paint to paint out the lights.

...ennifer as Mrs. Hardcastle and Shashi Kapoor as Marlowe with other members of the cast in 1957 production of "She Stoops to Conquer", in Singapore.

The School for Scandal

BY

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

Director of Production: GEOFFREY KENDAL

Sir Peter Teazle	...	GEOFFREY KENDAL
Sir Oliver Surface	...	BRIAN KELLETT
Joseph Surface	...	PETER BROMILOW
Charles Surface	...	MARCUS MURCH
Sir Benjamin Backbite	...	BRIAN KELLETT
Mr. Crabtree	...	FRANK WHEATLEY
Snake	...	SHASHI KAPOOR
Moses	...	FRANK WHEATLEY
Lady Teazle	...	LAURA LIDDELL
Lady Sneerwell	...	JENNIFER BRAGG
Mrs. Candour	...	M. MURCH
Maria	...	MARGARET CONNOR

Stage Director: MARCUS MURCH

Stage Manager: MARGARET CONNOR

ACT 1 SCENES 1 AND 3 **Lady Sneerwell's Boudoir**
2 **Sir Peter's House**

ACT 2 SCENES 1 AND 4 **Sir Peter's House**
2 **Charles Surface's House**
3 AND 5 **The Library of Joseph's House**

Costumes by: YORIC

When this play was first produced, scenic effects were in a state of transition. The 'picture frame' stage was a new innovation with scenery a riot of perspective. The scenery, however, bore little relation to the actors, as they played their parts mainly on the forepart of the stage while the painted scenery was merely a background.

In this production we have simplified the settings so as to eliminate time wasted in scene changing, while still trying to give the original effect.

Scenery by: WREN

The basic setting is changed by the drawing of symbolic curtains, while the furniture remains the same for all locations.

Handbill for a "Shakespeareana" production.

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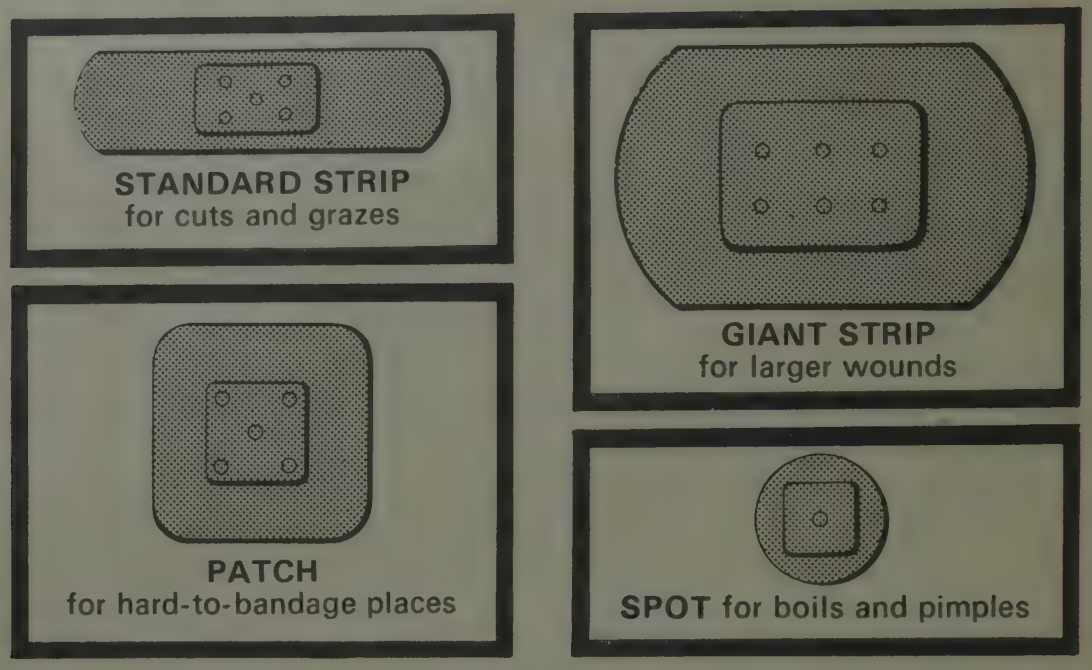

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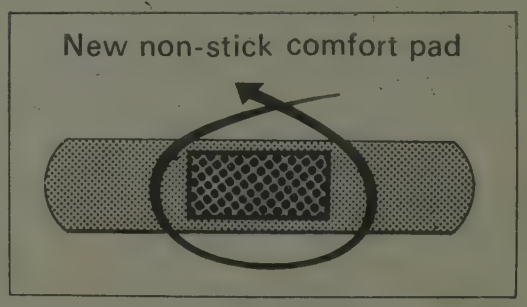

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Courtesy: Silvermine, Oberoi Towers, Bombay.

Photographs : Taiyeb Badshah

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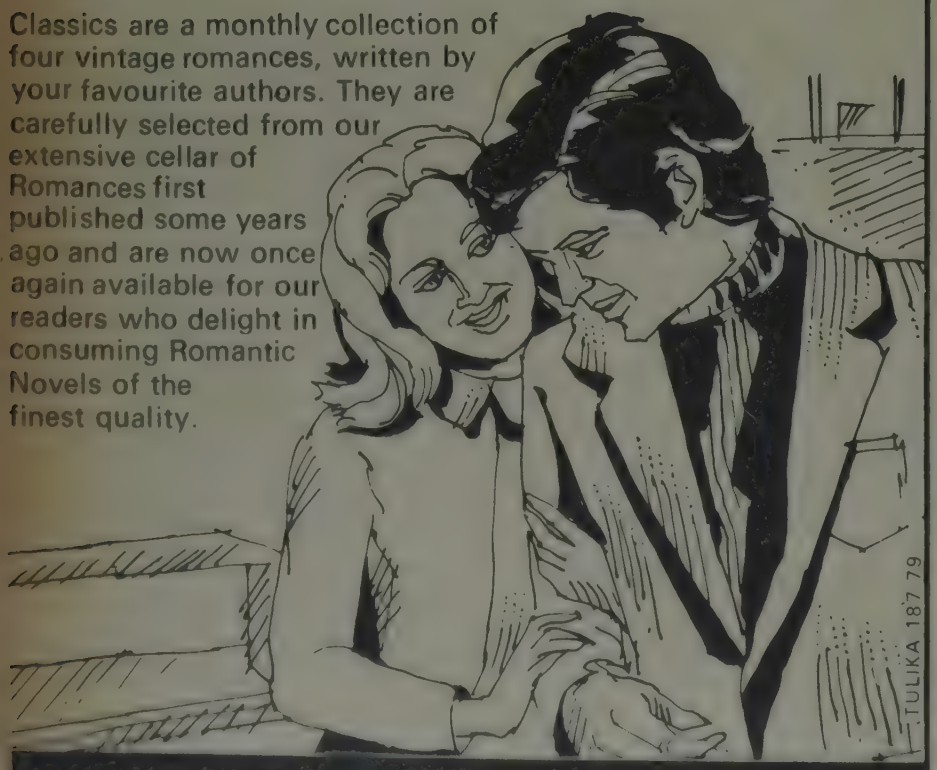

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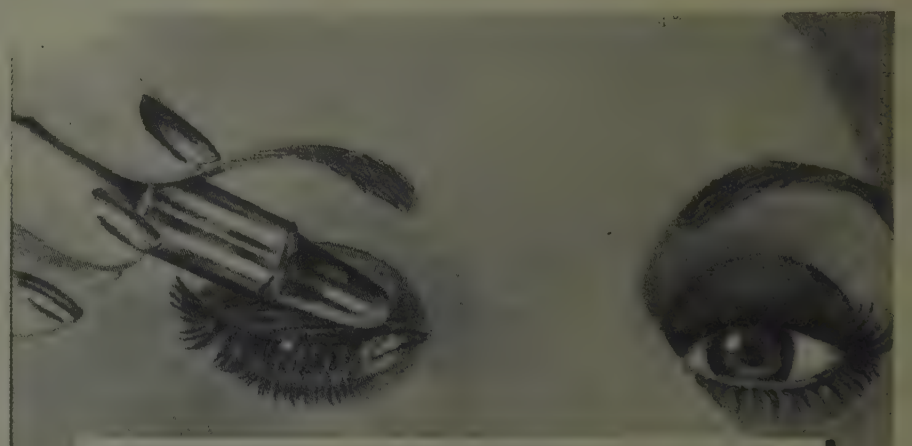

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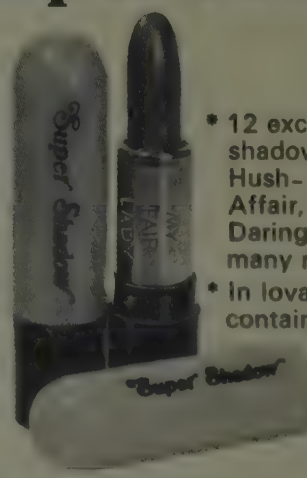

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THE DAY OF DARKNESS

The world's most beautiful diamond ring is not worn by any one, nor is it among the Nizam's jewels which were put up for auction in September 1979. It is seen in the sky the instant before and the instant after the moon completely blackens out the sun in a total solar eclipse. But beautiful as this ring is, it cannot rival the awesome pearly white glow of the sun's corona—solar gases streaming millions of kilometres into the interplanetary space — that blossoms briefly during totality.

Although most of us have probably viewed a totally eclipsed moon, few of us have been lucky to see a dark sun adorned with this soft halo of light. Any person's chances of witnessing a totally eclipsed sun are low, but they will be high — very high — on February 16,1980 for most of us will be within 24 hour's journey of the black path of the moon's shadow as it sweeps across the Deccan plateau of the Indian subcontinent in the afternoon that Saturday.

Eclipses of the sun can only occur at New Moon when the moon can come nearly in the line of earth and sun and lie between them. But there is not an eclipse every month. Whether there is an eclipse or not depends upon how the three are situated in the sky on a new moon day. If they don't happen to be in one line or very near to it, there may be no eclipse on earth as the moon's shadow may miss the earth completely. Because of the complicated nature of the moon's motion around the earth there can be at the most seven eclipses during a year of which four or five are solar eclipses.

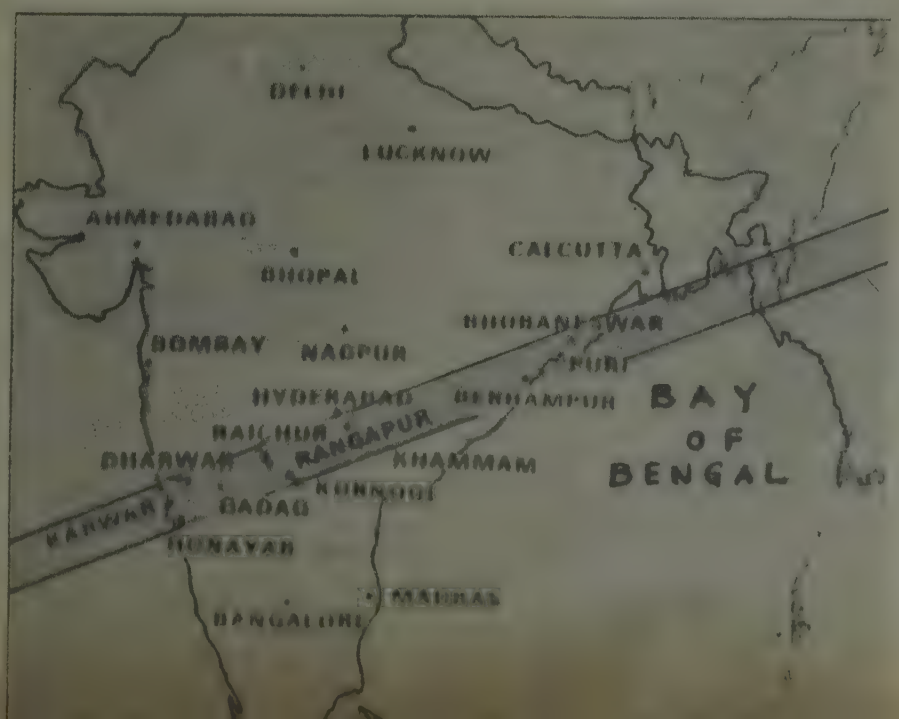
There must always be two solar eclipses in a year. Solar eclipses are more common than lunar eclipses, but most of us remember to have seen more lunar eclipses because they are seen from a much larger area of the earth. On an average there is a total solar eclipse visible somewhere on the earth once every 1½ years, but because of the narrowness of the band on the earth's surface on which an eclipse of the sun is total, a total eclipse is seen at a locality only once in about 360 years.

In a remarkable coincidence of size and distance, the 3475 kms diameter of the moon — 1/400 the size of the sun, but also only 1/400 as far from the earth as the sun- — just covers the face of the sun.

The path of the moon's shadow on the earth is widest when the moon is nearest to earth and the sun furthest. At the most it can be about 270 kms wide. The maximum period of totality when no part of the sun's bright disc shows is 7 minutes and 40 seconds. This is the absolute maximum for an eclipse that occurs at noon on the earth's equator.

In the coming February eclipse the width of the dark patch is about 136 kms. The eclipse will begin at sunrise over the Atlantic Ocean, then sweep over equatorial Africa, the Indian Ocean, and thence across the Deccan plateau, passing over Burma and will end at sunset in China. In India the shadow cone will touch the West coast of India near Karwar in the State of Karnataka at about 3.40 p.m. It will sweep north easterly over the Rangpur Observatory of Osmania University 56 kms south east of Hyderabad.

The shadow will cross the east coast near Puri in Orissa at about 4 P.M. The maximum period of totality will be 4 minutes and 8 seconds off the coast of Africa at 12.00 noon.



Only those who live under the narrow band can see a total eclipse, while others living away from the path of totality will see a partial eclipse. For Delhi viewers the eclipse will begin at 2.36 P.M. and end at 4.51 P.M. and nearly 60 per cent of the sun will be blacked out. Those in Madras will see the eclipse beginning at 2.29 P.M. and ending at 4.55 P.M. and nearly 90 per cent of the sun will be blacked out.

During the few minutes of totality, many scientific studies of the corona will be carried out by Indian scientists and astronomers at the Rangpur observatory. Much of our knowledge of the Sun comes from the observations taken during this unusual and exciting period.

The diamond ring may be seen when conditions are favourable. Some depressions on the moon's surface allow beams of light to pass through and the sun appears like a ring studded with many diamonds set on the rim.

A total solar eclipse proved the theory of relativity conceived by Albert Einstein. It was experimentally verified on May 29, 1919 by Sir Arthur Eddington, a brilliant astronomer of England. It will be a fitting tribute to Einstein that the observations will be confirmed once again by the astronomers of the Centre of Advanced Studies in Astronomy, Osmania University, in his birth centenary year.

For those who plan to watch the eclipse, certain precautions are absolutley essential. Irreparable damage or even blindness may result if you look at the sun directly. Neither sunglasses nor very dark glasses used by a weldor provide adequate protection. The safest way to see a solar eclipse is indirectly with a pinhole camera. The lens is a small hole punched in a cardboard. Focus the sun's image on to a second white cardboard held a little away. Observe the effect of the eclipse on birds and animals as the sun is blacked out. It is very interesting.

G. V. Joshi

THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin

TEN MORE FEET AND I'LL BE AT THE TOP!
YEOH!
HELP!
PLOP!
EMILY? IS THAT YOU?
SO WHY WERE YOU CLIMBING MT. EVEREST?
I HEARD THERE WAS A HALF-PRICE SALE ON PANTYHOSE AT THE SUMMIT-
5-b

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THAT'S A LAUGH!

Robert Benchley had been shining as the outstanding ladies' man at a certain party in Hollywood, when two matinee idols arrived. The girls began to desert the humorist, one of them exclaiming over the new-comers, "Now, that's my idea of real he-men."

"He-men!" growled Benchley. "I'll bet the hair on their combined chests wouldn't make a wig for a grape."

* * *

It was one of his own sons who so aptly characterized Theodore Roosevelt saying, "Father always had to be the centre of attention. When he went to a wedding, he wanted to be the bridegroom; when he went to a funeral, he wanted to be the corpse."

* * *

A young sailor asked his commanding officer for leave.

"I must have it," he insisted. "My wife is having a baby."

"Listen, here," his superior answered firmly. "You were necessary only at the laying of the keel. You are certainly not needed for the launching."

* * *

Take warning, early risers all,

And heed the lesson taught;

The worm that lies in bed is safe,

The early worm is caught.

* * *

Things have come to a hell of a pass,

When a man with horse sense talks like an ass.

* * *

He had eaten a very expensive meal, paid the bill and left only a 50 paise tip. As the waiter glared at him, he asked: "Why are you staring at me like that? Do you know me?"

"Yes," answered the waiter. "I know you. Wasn't your father a bachelor?"

* * *

Disc Jockey: "John Marcus of this station is going to be married next Saturday, so I'm dedicating the next number to John and his expectant bride."

* * *

Two middle-aged women were browsing in a bookshop.

"Here's a book on HOW TO TORTURE YOUR HUSBAND," said one.

"I don't need it," said the other. "I have my own system."

* * *

A missionary visiting a certain cannibal tribe in Africa asked the chief, "Do you people know anything about religion?"

"Well," explained the

chief, "we got a little taste of it when the last missionary was here."

* * *

Last night I held a lovely hand,

A hand so small and neat.

I thought my heart would burst with joy,

So wildly did it beat.

No other hand unto my heart,

Could greater pleasure bring.

Than the dear one I held last night,

Four aces and a king.

Compiled by George Fegradoe

PADMA KHANNA: HAPPY AS A VAMP

Jyothi Venkatesh

SATISFIED WITH HER STATUS AS A TOP-RANKING CABARET ARTISTE, SHE HAS CEASED TRYING TO BECOME A HEROINE

It was in Bangalore, where I had gone to cover the location shooting of producer Gautam Guha's maiden venture, "Dhuan", starring Raakhee, Amjad Khan, Mithun and Ranjeet, that I met Padma Khanna for this interview. Though on the screen Padma is seductive and voluptuous, when you see her in person, she presents a sedate front in contrast to her screen image.

In between shots, while director Dulal Guha was busy supervising the lighting arrangement, Padma Khanna and I talked about her career as a vamp.

"I am fed up being called upon by the producers to do the very same type of role over and over again in film after film. Even if I refuse a film or two, producers trick me into accepting their offers by telling me that my presence in their film is enough to lure hepeat audiences for their films, like in Yash Chopra's 'Noorie', where I did a sexy dance."

According to Padma Khanna, her role in "Dhuan" is a challenging one. "I play a C.B.I. Inspector masquerading as a maid servant in a haveli in order to catch the culprit in a murder case."

Padma has absolutely no regrets about having been relegated to the sidelines after having acted as the heroine opposite Amitabh Bachchan in "Saudagar". "I am happy with the status that I have currently in filmdom as a top-ranking cabaret artiste. Although I have not given up hopes of becoming a heroine, I have ceased trying, because I cannot play the game in filmdom the way it is played in order to be in the good books of the producers who matter. Every time a producer approached me with an offer to play the heroine there were strings attached.

"I have refused to compromise and as a result, I have been relegated to supporting roles, but I am content. I am busy, popular, without compromising."

Padma asserts that the heroine of today on the Indian screen is only a decoration around the omnipotent hero. "In the past heroines like Meenaji, Nargisji, Geeta Bali, were at the centre of the story. Not now. All the stories are hero oriented. So violence has displaced romance."

"Times have changed drastically. In the old days, vamps like Nigar Sultana, Kuldeep Kaur and Shashikala, acted so well and stole the scene from right under the heroine's nose. Today it is only once in a blue-moon that a vamp is lucky enough to get a memorable role. As a result, no one remembers the performance of a vamp after the film is over. I wish I had been born earlier so that I could have enacted roles which would have given scope for my talent. It isn't easy to be a successful vamp these days. Today, unfortunately for me, all that I am required to do on the screen is to gyrate around the villain or the hero in dazzling costumes designed to reveal and not conceal, but I take it all as part of the game."

Padma is frank to the point of being undiplomatic. "Instead of doing chamchagiri to the producers, directors and heroes who matter, I would rather pamper the technicians behind the camera who are in fact the backbone of the industry. The industry will like you only if you love the technicians. Like Amjadbhai, I make it a point to sit and observe the shooting even if I am not required on the sets after a shot, and other artistes are facing the camera. Only then will I learn how to react and the unit also will get the feeling that you are a part and parcel of the unit."

I could get a glimpse of the affectionate home-loving Padma when she narrated her pathetic plight that day. "The life of an actress isn't at all as rosy as the man in the street thinks it is. There cannot be a more gruelling life. Today happens to be the first death anniversary of my dear brother. I wanted to fly back to Bombay and join my mother at least for a day to perform the rites. But Gautamji told me that he was unable to release me for even a day because he had already procured the precious dates of Amjad and Raakhee and couldn't afford to waste them even for a day, and I am wanted in almost every scene in this schedule. So I have to stay in Bangalore."

As a parting shot, Padma quipped that "bhed chaal" has become the order of the day in the industry today. "I lost 56 films just because I took up the heroine's role in 'Saudagar' opposite Amitabh Bachchan. If only 'Saudagar' had clicked at the box-office, all the producers would have signed me on as leading lady," she said, and added, "without any strings attached."

Photograph : D. R. Yadav

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WOMEN IN FOCUS

Dr. V. T. JAYALAKSHMI

PRESERVING PUBLIC HEALTH

Dr. V. T. Jayalakshmi, the present Director of the Public Health Laboratory, Trivandrum, and the additional Director of Health Services, Kerala, chose the Medcal profession so that she could be of service to society.

As her father was a public health officer, she found the atmosphere at home conducive to the pursuit of a career in medicine. She had her schooling in various centres such as Pollachi in Tamil Nadu, Cochin, Palghat and Cannanore in Kerala because of her father's constant transfers. She did her M.B.B.S. and D.C.M. from Madras and later got her M.D. in microbiology from the All India Institute of Medical Sciences, New Delhi. Dr. Jayalakshmi has been serving the cause of public health in a quiet yet praiseworthy way all these years, both as the head of the Public Health Laboratory and as a contributor of articles on Public Health.

Her Public Health Laboratory manufactures anti-rabies and anti-smallpox vaccines besides anti-malaria, cholera and typhoid drugs. It also caters to the requirements of medicines and chemicals required by the Departments of Health and Animal Husbandry in Kerala. These chemicals are utilised in clinical investigations such as laboratory tests on specimens of blood, sputum, etc.

Although smallpox has been eradicated, malaria, which was once under control, has struck again. Dr. Jayalakshmi attributes this to lack of proper surveillance and follow-up work, and of course, the immunity developed by mosquitoes to D.D.T., which was once potent enough to kill off mosquitoes. Dr. Jayalakshmi feels that other major diseases such as tuberculosis, leprosy, viral encephalitis (brain fever), hypertension, diabetes, etc. can also be curbed if not altogether eradicated if people are educated and enlightened on these matters. We should lay more emphasis on prevention rather than on cure, she says.

Should sterilisation be compulsory or should it be voluntary?

Dr. Jayalakshmi feels that once people realise the problems arising out of a rapidly escalating population growth, they will come forward on their own. As a result of the high percentage of literacy, the sterilisation programme has been very successful in Kerala.

In the International Year of the Child, the public health laboratory launched a special programme wherein more stress was laid on immunisation of children and helping the handicapped in the State.

Regarding malnutrition in cildren and expectant and lactating mothers, Dr. Jayalakshmi said that they had experimented by giving children a palatable mixture of groundnut and jaggery, rich in protein to fight the menace of malnutrition.

Though she faces no problems on the technical side, as an administrator she sometimes encounters problems such as transter of personnel, etc.

Dr. Jayalakshmi has been regularly contributing articles to the "Indian Journal of Medical Research". Two of her articles published are "Treatment of protein malnutrition with simple foods" and "Epidemiological work and studies in T.B.."

Dr. Jayalakshmi enjoys music besides doing embroidery, gardening, cooking and painting. She plays badminton whenever time permits. Married to the Supervising Medical Officer of the B.C.G. campaign in Kerala, Dr. Jayalakshmi has a teenage daughter.

Malavika

WHAT'S NEW

To help you keep track of the useful new products that come into the market now and again.

Some useful beauty preparations from the famous house of cosmetics Gala of London. Face Mask with sandalwood oil, for a glowing complexion and to get rid of wrinkles, blackheads and pimples (Rs. 11 for a pack of five sachets); Over-30 Cream, a rich penetrating cream, to keep skin soft and supple (Rs. 13.40); and Natural Moisture to protect skin from the harmful effects of sun and cold weather (Rs. 15.30). At leading stores.

Here are attractive shoulder bags, sturdy and capacious, in unusual designs and colour combinations, finished by deft craftsmen (Rs. 12 to Rs. 20 each). Parimal International, Newlook Stores, mezzanine floor, 23-B, P.M. Road.

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Outfits modelled at the Ambiscope fashion show organised by Eve's Weekly in association with Shri Ambica Mills.

Photographs: Tayeb Bardsha[illegible]

LEFT: Made for each other — he in an off-white embroidered Jodhpuri suit, made from Ambiking suiting. The coy bride is in an eye-catching Ambiqueen saree in green with traditional 'chakra' motifs.

CENTRE: The village belle look! Colourful Ambiqueen sarees made into ghagra and lehenga-choli ensembles. Delicate zari border accentuates the dupatta edges for a traditional look!

RIGHT: The young man looks dashing in an embroidered polyster raw silk kurta and churidar made from Ambiking suiting. Once again the Ambiqueen sarees made into smart salwar kurta ensembles perked up with matching jacket and a bordered dupatta. The saree in yellow adds the right touch of elegance for an evening wear.

THE LITTLE PRISONER

Daksha Hathi

Cookie was a little girl of five. She had black eyes and black hair that hung silkily to her waist. That Sunday she wore it in two neat plaits with yellow ribbons to go with her new yellow dress. She was going on a visit to her grandmother's house and was rather excited. It was the first time she was going.

Surely it must be the biggest house in the world thought Cookie when she saw it. It was old and made of grey stone and spread itself gloomily over the ground. There was an old rusty iron gate that creaked sulkily and a large bell on the door that sounded loudly somewhere inside when pressed.

Granny was a very old lady with a neat white bun and a wrinkled but kind smile. She gave Cookie's mother a hug, then fondly kissed the little girl. Lunch was served on a big round table and there was a pile of soft brown puris with mango juice and lots of other good things to eat. After lunch Cookie played in the garden all by herself wishing there was another little girl or boy to play with.

Tiring of this, she decided to explore the house and went inside. The staircase twisted mysteriously from the hall, up, up somewhere and she swiftly climbed the polished steps. At last she came to a landing to the left of which there were three doors. The first two doors had an ordinary look about them but the third one had a large, polished golden door knob and pretty designs carved on it.

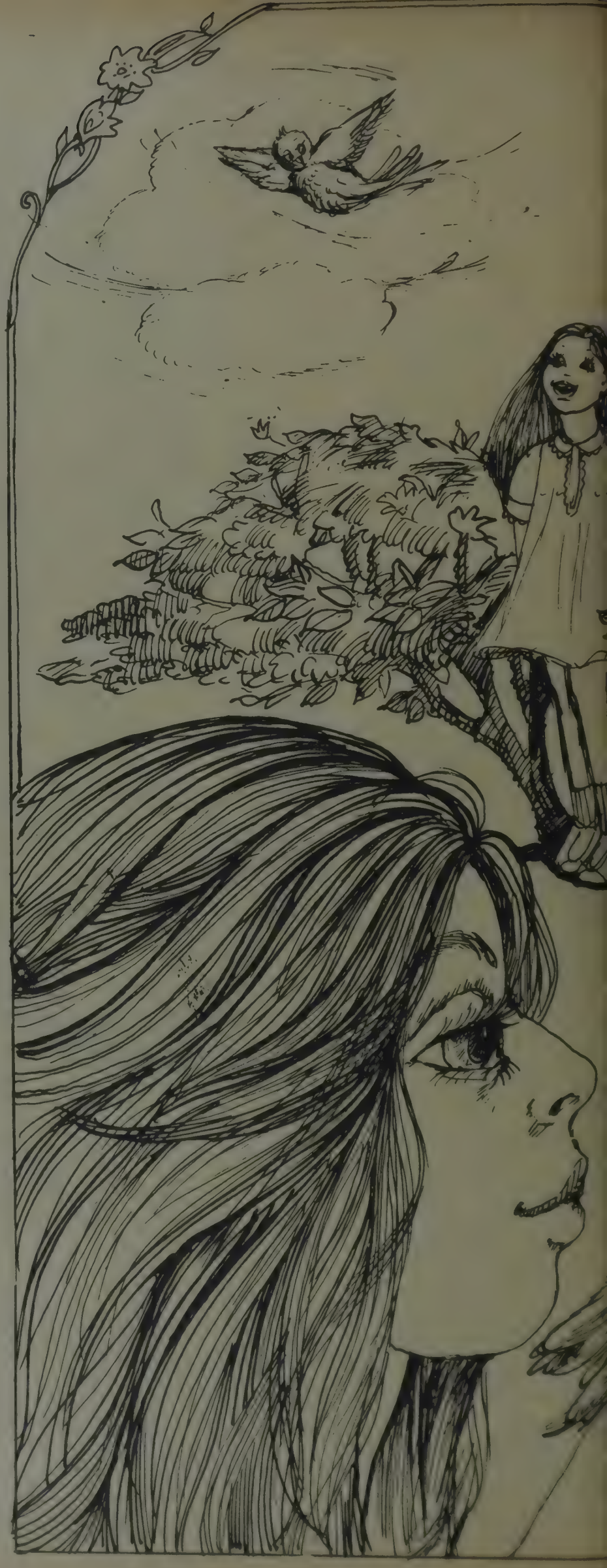
Turning the knob, Cookie slipped quietly inside and stood staring about her. It was a queer room filled with many strange things. It was very very dusty and she guessed that it was a sort of junk room where Granny kept old unused things. There were large red velvet sofas with fat cushions shaped like hearts. And heavy dark brown tables and desks with drawers. In one corner there stood a square table with little white elephants, horses and lions on it. She knelt and gazed at the tiny animals wondering how long they had been there.

Suddenly in the quiet of the room a tired little voice said "Cuckoo!" four times, and she jumped!

Above the red sofa which stood against the wall, there was a big black clock and out of this had popped a little bird! But before she could get a proper look it had vanished! That must be the cuckoo clock which her mother had told her about. Just then she heard Mother calling her to come to tea and she had to go down.

After dinner Granny showed them their room and Cookie saw that it was next to that strange room! At night she lay in bed too excited to sleep and wondered whether she would hear the cuckoo call out the time eleven times when it was eleven o'clock. Sure enough it did, and then Cookie, still not sleepy, waited for the next hour.

Then suddenly she heard the sound of singing. It was the sweetest and the saddest little song she had ever heard. Listening to it, her heart grew heavy.



But who could it be? Surely it wasn't the little cuckoo? Then all of a sudden she fell asleep.

For the next three nights Cookie kept awake till midnight and heard the same little voice singing out its sorrow as if its heart was broken. She had to solve the mystery. Slipping out of bed she went to the room with the carved door and switched on the light. Looking up at the cuckoo clock, she saw a little face peering anxiously out of the hole at the top where the glass had broken.

"Oh Cuckoo, is that you singing such a sad little song?" asked Cookie and added, "I never knew that cuckoos could sing so well!"

The small bird's face looked sadder than ever as it replied, "But I'm not a cuckoo, I'm a nightingale."

Cookie's eyes opened wide and she exclaimed, "A nightingale! But then what are you doing in a cuckoo clock?"

Then the little fellow told her his story.

"There years ago I lived in a cool green forest a hundred miles away from here. I was the sweetest singer among my kind and whenever there was a party I was always called upon to sing. Then one day I met my mate at the wedding of a parrot family. She was a pretty, soft-hearted little thing and loved to sing with me. Soon we were married and made a lovely, singing pair.

"A year later our two little babies were born and we began to teach them to sing. Then the wicked clock-maker came to the forest in search of cuckoos. He was a lazy fellow who did not want to take the trouble to make wooden cuckoos, so he caught real ones and put them in his clocks. Soon, all the real cuckoos in the forest fled to a distant forest taking their familes with them.

"One night I returned late in the night for I had been looking for special food for my babies. And in the middle of the forest the wicked clock-maker lay in wait for me. He caught me in his cruel grasp and would not listen to my pleading. He did not let me even say good-bye to my family but brought me straight to his workshop. There he taught me to say the hateful word 'cuckoo' and shut me up in this clock. But every night I remember my dear little family and the songs we used to sing and my heart cries out with pain! I wonder where they are now. Perhaps my wife thinks that I left her for another mate!"

Two pearly tears rolled down from Cookie's eyes and she said, "Oh, you poor little bird, let me help you!"

Then suddenly she heard the sound of singing. It was the sweetest and the saddest little song she had ever heard. Listening to it, her heart grew heavy. But who could it be? Surely it wasn't the little cuckoo?

The nightingale thought for a while and then said, "Well, if you could let me out of this prison then I could go back to my family, but you are so little that you could not possibly reach so high." Then he added, "And perhaps you wouldn't like to spoil your Granny's clock." For although he longed to be free he was a thoughtful little bird.

Cookie thought hard and said, "Oh, I'm sure Granny won't mind at all because this is her junk room and the things kept here are not important at all. I heard her telling my mother that all this was rubbish which she doesn't use any more."

The little girl cleared the square table and put the little animals away in a cupboard. Then she dragged the table pushing with all her might to rest it against the wall. Then she climbed on it, holding a brass paper weight in her hand with which she broke away the rest of the glass on the clock. There stood the little bird with an iron chain round its foot. This she unfastened and then lifted the small bird down on to the sofa. He was weak and trembling and could hardly stand by himself.

She covered him with a handkerchief and went in search of food. A little milk remained at the bottom of her nightly glass of milk and this she gave to him, squeezing a few drops into his mouth with the end of her hanky. Smiling gratefully at her, he fell asleep.

Next morning, she took him some bread and milk and found him rested and refreshed, free from his prison. Poor little bird! How horrible it must be to be shut up in a dark little prison with nothing to say but "Cuckoo" all day. Especially when you were a nightingale.

That night he was even stronger and sang a bar or two of a more cheerful song. Then after two more days of tender care he was a perky little fellow! He flew round the room and trilled out a joyous melody which made Cookie laugh in pure glee. "I think you are quite ready to go home now!" she said to him and opened the window.

The nightingale then nestled up softly against her cheek and bid her a tender farewell. "Thank you my kind little friend, I'll never forget you and someday we will surely meet," he said. Cookie put him on the window sill and then with a last look at her he flew away into the bright blue sky.

Soon it was time to go home and as Cookie said good-bye to Granny, the old lady asked her "Were you happy here child, or did you feel a bit lonely perhaps?"

"Oh, no," laughed her little grand-daughter. "I had the most wonderful time, thank you, Granny," and she gave the old lady a big hug and a kiss!

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NGREDIENTS: THE Right Way

FLOUR

Premila Lal

EW HOUSEWIVES CARE TO KNOW THE CHARACTERISTICS AND USES OF THE BASIC INGREDIENTS WE USE IN COOKING. O WE BEGIN WITH THIS, A NEW FEATURE EXPLAINING THEM

Flour is the finely ground powder of wheat and other cereals such as millet, rice, oatmeal, and corn (maize). Wheat flour comes from 'strong' and 'weak' wheats. The stronger wheats have higher protein and gluten content (gluten is the tough, sticky, elastic substance formed when mixing flour and water), than the weaker wheats and is best for breadmaking. The all-purpose flour has a blend of hard and soft wheat while the self-raising flour contains the right amount of leavens and salt for baking and is best used in pastries for a spongy texture. The cake flour is made of soft wheat and the less expansive gluten makes the cake crumblier. The non-wheat flour, such as cornflour, is a valuable thickener for sauces and custards. Rice flour makes delicately textured cakes and excellent chappaties too. Other types such as arrowroot, barley, soya, potato and rye are uncommon and rarely used as thickeners.

ıotograph : Taiyeb Badshah

CHOCOLATE WALNUT CAKE

125 grams margarine
125 grams sugar
60 grams chocolate
125 grams self-raising flour
2 eggs
Pinch of salt

Grease and line a seven inches cake tin. Heat oven to moderate temperature. Cream the margarine and sugar until white and fluffy, then add well-beaten eggs gradually. Fold in sieved flour and salt, and lastly add the chocolate. If necessary add a little milk to make a soft dropping consistency. Bake for forty minutes until well risen and firm to the touch. Turn on the wire tray to cool. Cover the top with chocolate glace icing and decorate with walnuts.

GRAM AND WHEAT HALWA

1 cup gram flour
1 cup wheat flour
1 cup ghee
3 cups milk
4 cups sugar
1 tbsp. cashewnuts, chopped and fried
2 cardamoms

Mix the gram flour and the wheat flour together and put in a pan with the milk on a low fire. Stir frequently to blend and prevent the mixture from forming into lumps. When it thickens, add the sugar and stir constantly until thick. Then add the ghee, one spoonful at a time. When the mixture is ready and thick, pour onto a greased plate and sprinkle with the cashewnuts. Flatten the mixture evenly on the plate. Allow to cool and cut into squares.

ORANGE CREAM PIE

2 cups orange juice
1 tbsp. orange peel, finely grated
2 tbsps. lemon juice
3 egg yolks
1 cup sugar
¼ tsp. salt
1 tbsp. butter
5 tbsps. cornflour
2 egg whites
1 orange pie crust

Make 1 shell of standard pie crust, but substitute orange juice for water. Bake in the usual way and allow to cool. Mix the cornflour with a little water and some of the orange juice. Mix the orange peel, sugar and salt and add the rest of the orange juice. Stir in the cornflour and mix well. Pour into top of double boiler and cook on a gentle heat until the mixture thickens, stirring frequently. Remove pan from fire and beat the egg yolks. Stir the egg yolks into the mixture briskly. Return pan to the double boiler and cook, stirring constantly. Remove pan from fire and stir in the butter alternately with the lemon juice. Cool thoroughly and pour into pie shell. Whip the egg whites and cover the pie. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F) until the meringue is brown and the mixture is set. Serve cold.

JEWISH SABBATH BREAD

1 kg flour (maida)
30 grams yeast
1 tbsp. sesame seeds
4 dtsps. sugar
8 tsps. salt
4 eggs
1 dtsp. salt
½ litre warm water

Beat three eggs lightly. Dissolve sugar and yeast in four tablespoons of warm water. Sift the flour and salt together. Mix in the eggs, sugar and yeast mixture. Knead well till smooth and light. Cover with cloth and keep in a warm place for one/two hours to rise. Knead again, divide into six portions and roll out each to half inch thickness. Separate the remaining egg. Beat the yolk lightly with a tablespoon of water. Brush bread with egg yolk and sprinkle with sesame. Bake in a 375° oven till light brown.

SPICED BESAN ROLLS

1½ cups gram flour (besan)
¼ tsp. turmeric powder
1½ cups buttermilk
¼ tsp. sugar
Salt to taste
4 green chillis
3 tbsps. coconut, grated
2 tsps. currants
½ bunch coriander leaves
1 large onion
A pinch of asafoetida
½ tsp. mustard seeds
1 tbsp. sweet oil

Mix flour, turmeric and buttermilk with two cups of water. Grind sugar, salt and chillis and add to flour. Mix well, leaving no lumps. Cook this on low fire until done. Spread thinly on a thali or any smooth surface while still hot. Cool. Cut into strips about two inches wide. Sprinkle with coconut, currants, chopped coriander leaves and onion. Roll up each strip neatly and serve.

MALABARI CHICKEN PIRI

1 large chicken
500 grams rice flour
2 coconuts
1 onion
6 cloves garlic
1 tsp. cummin seeds
½ tsp. turmeric
2 tsps. black pepper, freshly ground
Salt to taste
Sliced lemon

Grind one coconut, garlic, cummin seeds and onion to a very smooth paste. Chop the chicken into one and a half inch pieces and smear with turmeric and pepper. Put in a large saucepan with a cup of water and salt and cook till tender. Lightly brown the flour in a heavy bottom frying pan for ten minutes. Leave to cool and make a dough with hot water and salt. Scrape the second coconut finely and mix with the dough to make a stiff mixture. Roll marble sized balls from the dough keeping aside a handful of the dough for later use. Add one litre water to the cooked chicken and transfer it to a large shallow saucepan. Bring to boil and add the flour and coconut balls, a couple at a time, placing them separately so that they do not stick together. Cook for twenty minutes. Blend the handful of flour with the ground paste adding a little water to a thin paste. Add to the pot and cook for seven more minutes. Serve hot or chilled with slices of lemon, and hot bread rolls.

PURIS

250 grams whole meal flour
250 grams plain flour
1 tbsp. butter or ghee, melted
1 tsp. salt
½ pint warm water
Ghee or oil for deep frying

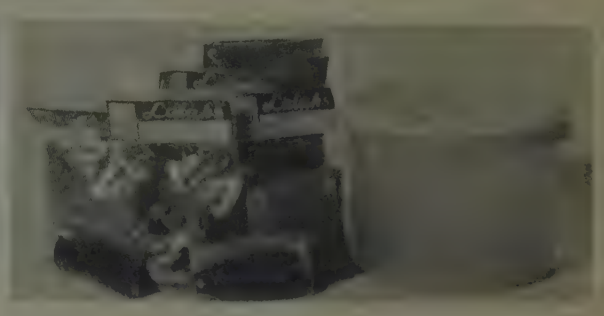
Sieve the flour with salt. Make a depression in the centre and gradually pour in the butter. Knead to a stiff dough. Gradually add sufficient water. Knead for five more minutes till soft and pliable.

Divide the dough into sixteen equal portions and roll out into round, thin pancakes. Heat the ghee and fry the puris in hot fat on both sides. Drain out when golden brown on both sides.

NEW GIFTS FOR OUR COOKERY WINNERS

Prize winners of our Weekly Contest will receive, from January 1980, in addition to the usual Rs. 50.00 cash prize,

1) A 9-cup Storefresh container from **TRU PTI INDUSTRIES,** Bombay, 2) A Gift Hamper from **CORN PRODUCTS** containing Brown and Polson Custard Powder, Rex Jelly, Rex Baking Powder and Davis Gelatine and, 3) A compact gift packet containing all the Spices and Spice powders from **P. MITTULAUL LALAH & SONS,** Madras.



So send in your original vegetarian or non-vegetarian recipes accompanied with a coupon, to the Cookery Editor, **EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay 400 023.**

RECIPES FROM OUR READERS

Mrs. Jonaki Bhattacharya, Pune.

FISH HEAD GHANTO

1 large fish head (Rohu or Catla fish)
½ cup green gram dal, soaked
1 large potato, peeled and diced
A few green chillis, halved
½ tsp. cummin seeds
1 bay leaf
1 tsp. sugar
½ cup oil
1 tsp. turmeric
Salt to taste

GRIND TO A FINE PASTE

1 tsps. cummin seeds
1 inch piece ginger
A few peppercorns
2 cardamoms
2 cloves
1 inch piece cinnamon

Wash the fish head and cut into four pieces. Smear with salt and turmeric. Heat oil and fry the pieces till well browned. Drain and remove. In the same oil fry the diced potato, drain and remove. Next put in the bay leaf and cummin seeds and when it stops spluttering add masala paste, salt, turmeric, chilli powder, sugar, and fry till well blended. Add potatoes, drained green gram dal and green chillis. Mix well. Put in one cup warm water. When it starts boiling, lower heat, cover the vessel and let it cook slowly till potatoes are done. Add fish head pieces, mix well and give it a good boil. Remove and pour one tablespoon ghee all over. Serve with hot rice.

Mrs. Usha Rao, Andhra Pradesh.

FRIED PRAWN SAMOSA

¼ kg medium size prawns
½ kg flour (maida)
¼ kg khara boondi
6 large onions, finely chopped
2 or 3 sticks cinnamon
1 pod garlic
1 piece ginger
1 tsp. cummin
1 tsp. coriander
Few coriander leaves (optional)
Red chilli powder
Salt to taste
Oil for deep frying

Blend together the flour and milk and form into a soft dough. Keep aside for half an hour. Fry the prawns in ghee and keep them aside. Crush the above spices along with chilli powder. Fry the chopped onions till light brown. Add the crushed spices and let it cook for sometime with sufficient water. When cooked, add the boondi, pour the milk and cover the pan with a tight lid. When the gravy is thick mix the fried prawns into it.

Roll out the dough into small puris. Cut each puri into two. Fold the half into a triangular shape. Fill with above prepared filling. Seal the edges and fry in oil till golden brown. Serve hot with tomato sauce or hot chutney.

WEEKLY WINNER

J. SCINDIA, Bangalore.

Mrs. Scindia wins Rs. 50/- for this week's best recipe plus a 9 cup Storefresh container from Trupti Industries, a gift hamper from Corn Products and P. Mittulaul Lalah and Sons, Madras.

COCKTAIL CHOW

1 packet noodles or macaroni
½ kg pork, minced
½ kg mutton, minced
½ kg beef, minced
½ kg cabbage
½ kg carrots
½ kg beans
½ kg green peas
5 sprigs celery
2 bunches mint
2 bunches onion leeks
2 tsps. pepper corns
1 tsp. garam masala
¼ kg onions
¼ kg ghee

FOR THE SAUCE:

50 grams chilli powder
25 grams vinegar
50 grams sugar
50 grams green chillis

Boil the macaroni. Strain and keep aside. Slice the onions. Fry in little ghee. Add minced beef, mutton and pork. Add sufficient water. Cook till the water evaporates. Keep aside. Chop all the vegetables lengthwise. Wash them in salt water. Boil the vegetables. Chop and saute onion leeks in ghee. Add peppercorns and sliced green chillis with chopped mint leaves. Add spice powder. Add the cooked mince to the fried ingredients. Toss in the vegetables and stir well. Lastly add in the macaroni. Serve hot with red chilli sauce.

FOR THE SAUCE

Mix chilli powder with vinegar. Add sugar. Stir well till sugar dissolves.

COOKERY CONTEST ANNOUNCEMENT

A Scheme For the Monthly Cookery Queen Contest.

All cookery contestants for the monthly Cookery Queen Contest have to send in their recipes, non-vegetarian or vegetarian according to the subjects specified for each month. We give below subjects for the coming three months to enable you to send in your entries well in advance.

March, 1980
SOUFFLES — SAVOURY OR SWEET

April, 1980
COCONUT VARIETIES

May, 1980
MANGO MARVELS

All entries for March should reach us latest by February 5, April entries by March 5, and May entries by April 5, 1980.

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

Revised Contest Rules

1. Each recipe must be accompanied by this coupon.
2. The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send a passport size photograph of herself to be published along with her recipe.
3. The recipe must be original and not copied from a cookery book, a magazine of any other published material The prize-winner shall have to sign a declaration to that effect before the announcement is made and the prize awarded.

Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay—400 023.

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More mothers using baby food, choose Amulspray, than any other baby food. Because Amulspray is

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Remember, mother's milk is by far the best for baby. It is extremely difficult to substitute for breast milk.

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Balamul has been specially formulated with the help of the Central Food Technological Research Institute, Mysore and tested at the Christian Medical College, Vellore!

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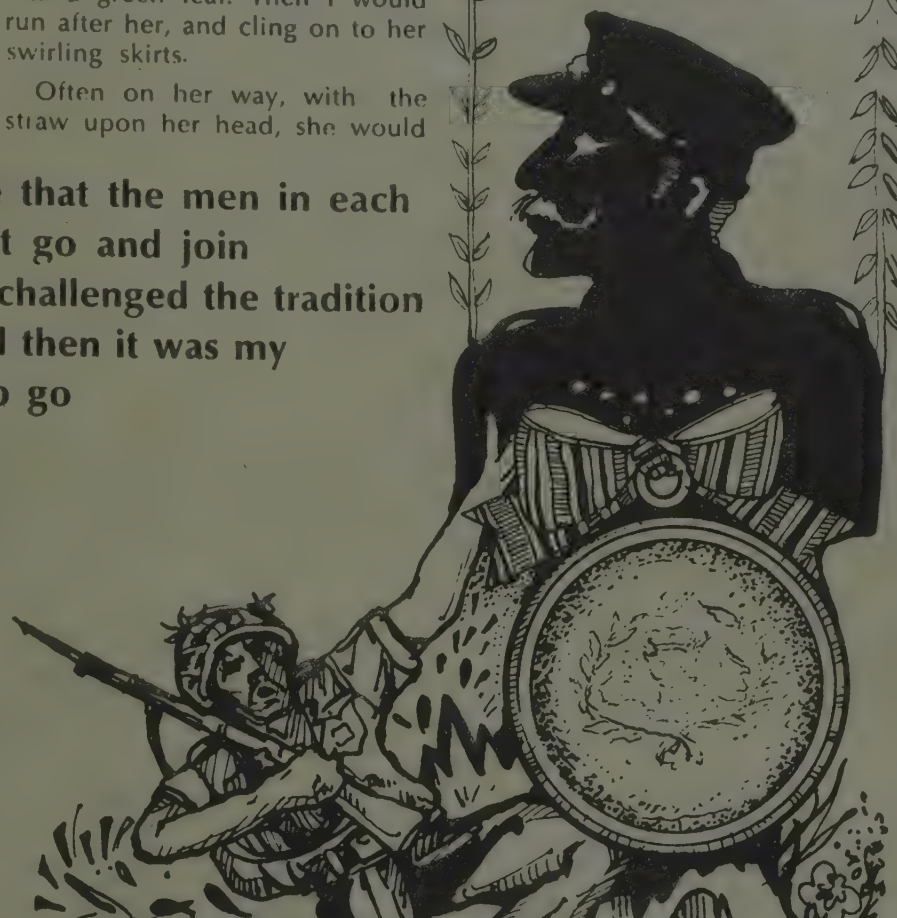


THE air crackled with spit and polish. Medals and epaulettes dazzled in the sun. I squatted with the jawans, row upon gleaming row, in the huge maidaan. It was the occasion of the Colonel's farewell. The Colonel was a highly decorated officer and his medals and ribbons sat well on his chest. He had won the respect and devotion of his troops, through feats of cold courage and acts of warm compassion. This was his last address to his men.

I glanced around me. Most of the men were like me, stocky and high-cheek boned, who had their homes in the hills and valleys of the Himalayas. Taken as raw recruits from the shadows of these mountains, we had become a formidable combat force. Our body lines gathered into tight cords of muscles with marching double all the time. Trim and ramrod straight from the rigorous training and the strict discipline of the army.

It was the tradition here that the men in each generation must go and join the regiment. None ever challenged the tradition in my valley. And then it was my turn to go

I watched the regimental colours fluttering in the breeze. We had a glorious history of valour and courage. I thought of my father who had been a soldier in this regiment, and gladly died for it. Around me were men who had left their land and homes, their wives and mothers, to make this brilliant fighting machine, to keep up the honour and proud tradition of their fathers and grandfathers.

There amidst the impeccable khaki uniforms and luminous black boots, I suddenly felt homesick for my village and my valley. My thoughts, never far from home, flew to my mother and the familiar hillside.

I remembered my mother on the hillside, when the long grass had turned brown and dry, ready for the scythe. And all day long she would cut the dried grass with her short handled sickle, and as a small boy I would twist rope and bind the grass into sheaves. Everywhere, as far as the eyes could see, there were dark spots dotting the hillside, and these were women like my mother, cutting and binding the dried grass. In the evenings when the sun set, and the night air came down chill from the mountain tops, everyone went winding home through the narrow hill paths, each loaded with a huge pile. I would trail behind my mother while she carried her load upon her head, her body swaying in the breeze, hidden under her bundle except for her two legs.

And her legs were strong and brown and sturdy. I had never seen her falter or stumble on the steep slopes and the loose stones. Yet sometimes I felt that she might fly away on the wind like a green leaf. Then I would run after her, and cling on to her swirling skirts.

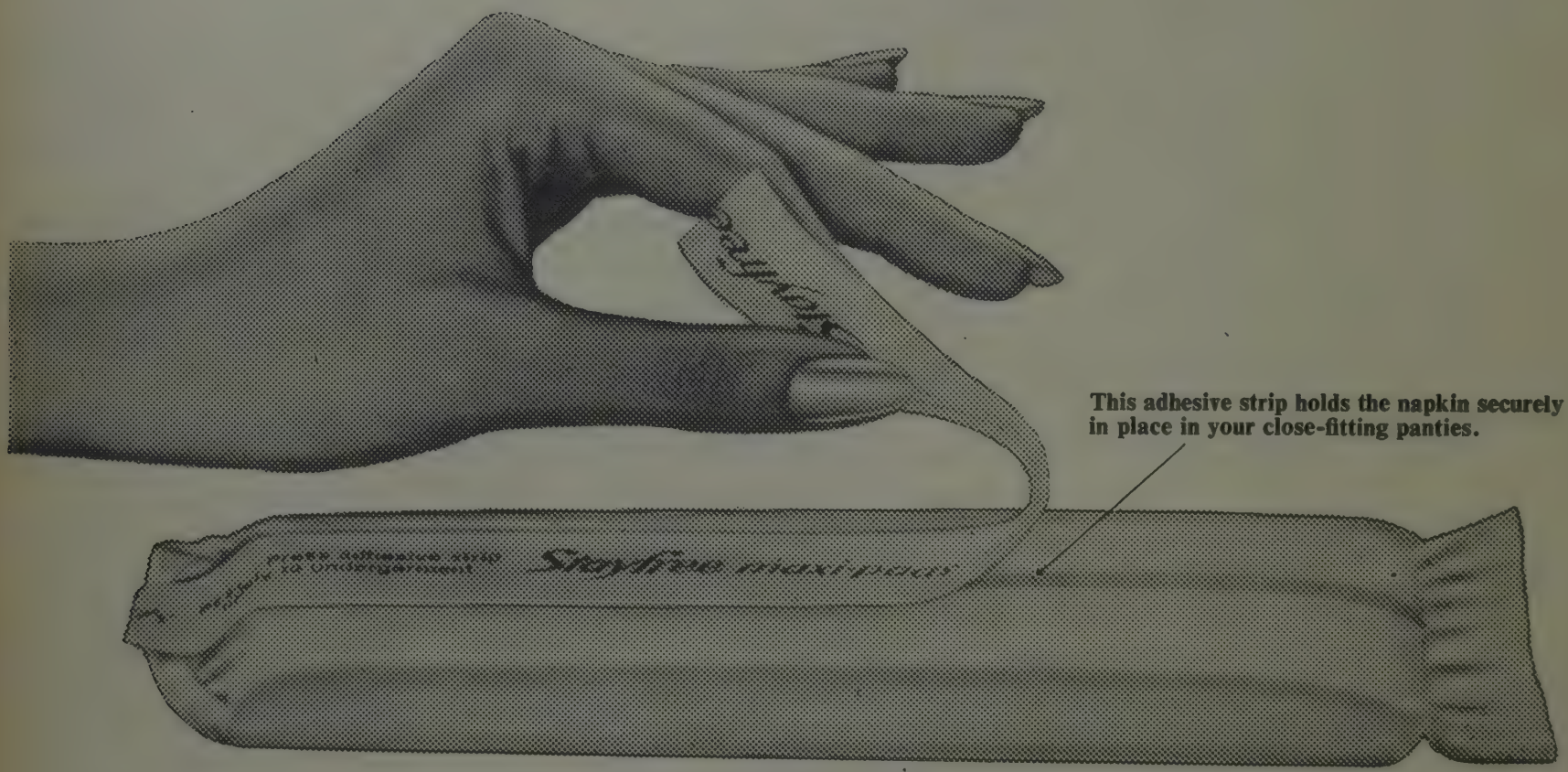
Often on her way, with the straw upon her head, she would pause to look at the towering mountains, ridge upon ridge stretching endlessly into the skies. A wistful look would moisten her eyes. When I was old enough to understand, I knew that she thought of my father, somewhere beyond those ranges. Then a longing would caress her, and it was so sharp that she would stifle a cry. Her shoulders would sag under the weight, and her heart would be full of a nameless sorrow.

The hills that circled the valley where our land lay, would grow slowly black against a pale yellow sky, and in the heart of the valley, in our small village fires would be lit for the evening meal and smoke would rise with the cold air.

I remember my valley, rich and fertile — the land chequered in green and gold and brown. There were fruit trees in colourful clusters. The river cut across the heart of the valley, and the tiny streams and channels crisscrossed the green acres and emptied themselves into the river. But the foothills wore only a skin of soil, no deeper than the grassroots, and further up the soil grew thinner, with rock showing through.

There were hard times when the rains came. The river raged and boiled. It toppled houses into itself. It trapped cows and sheep and drowned them in its muddy waters. It tore the edges of our farmland and washed away the rich brown mud.

New Stayfree Beltless Napkins



No more loops, belts, pins or bother. All the freedom you've wanted with all the protection you need

If you're a woman who likes to make the most of every single day, we'd like to introduce you to something very special: STAYFREE Beltless Sanitary Napkins.

All the freedom you've wanted

Gone are the days when you had to bother with loops or belts, pins or strings.

The STAYFREE Napkin has its own adhesive strip to keep it in place. You simply press it on to the inside of your close-fitting panties. And there it stays, snug and secure, until you lift it off.

With STAYFREE Napkins you can wear what you want—do what you want. They really stay in place.

All the protection you need

STAYFREE is specially designed to assure you of protection you need. Highly absorbent inner layers trap the moisture inside, and a 3-way plastic shield around the bottom and the sides of the napkin prevents staining. Buy a pack today and discover beltless freedom. You'll never go back to loops or belts, pins or strings!

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With the cold the grasses ied and turned brown. From en on until the next rains, the rth dried and the streams windled. The wind blew in the lley, picking up dust and raw. It was a nervous, rasping reeze that swept the bare bran- es and rattled the dry leaves. he cattle listlessly nibbled the ry twigs, and shepherds mig- ted with their flocks in search f pasture.

My mother saw the land hange from seed time to har- est and reaping the harvest. hen selling the grain and pay- ng the revenue and repaying he debt. And the festivals that ame and went. The children hanging and growing over the ears. For her there was never a dull moment, only that made her work from dawn to dusk — o rise at dawn and sweep the house, and feed the children, and tend the animals, to draw the water, to patch the jagged edges of the land with smooth mountain boulders, and repair the broken walls, to clear deb- ris left by the rains, to sow the land and reap the crop, to spend the days upon the hill, cutting the wild grass, to feel the sun and the wind upon her.

During the months when the fields could be left to their own growing, after the paddy was planted in rows, and in the shal- low water the green young shoots ripened and swayed un- der the warm sunlight, my mo- ther would sit under the tree spinning and my brothers play- ed naked in the sunshine. She sat silently on, turning the spindle with her strong brown hands and the yarn came out, close spun and white. She spun as she did all things — firmly and well, and the thread was strong and hard. Then she would turn to the rude wooden loom inide the hut. Here she sat weaving a shawl, the colours bright and gay, mixed from the leaves and walnuts that grew in the valley. And each day the shawl would grow beneath her supple fingers, sending a warm glow to the barren walls. And stacked in the corner were shawls that she had made, which would be sold at the big 'mela' on the festival days.

Living in the valley everyday and labouring as she did, she never thought to lift her head, to see what the world was about her, but her whole thought was on the land or on her house, and her eyes bent to them al- ways. But once in a while, she lifted her head as she walked and she saw. The trees were full of tender leaves and the pink blossoms of the apricot trees were full blown and drifting in the wind, and here and there a pomegranate tree flamed scar- let in its early leaves. The wind blew against the sky too, and shifted the huge billowing clouds and they floated across the bright sky and set the hills and valley in vivid light and shade, so that now it was bright, now shadowy.

The wind too was warm and it came in sudden gusts and died again. And she did not know which was sweeter, the deep warm silence when the wind died and the smell of the earth came up from the ploughed fields, or the windy fragrance of the gusts. But walking in these silences and sudden winds, she felt her body strong and full and young. Then she would hum soft- ly an ancient song, that had only three notes and yet end- less variety of interval. It spoke of a maiden telling her husband that she would stretch a seer of bajra for a whole year and plea- ding with him not to go away in search of a job. Sometimes the song rose to an aching chord that caught in her throat.

I remember my father. In his starched khaki uniform and cocky beret, he was a jaunty fi- gure, sparkling and happy. He seemed to come like a festival, once in a year. From his batter- ed tin trunk and army holdall, he would unwrap presents for us and unravel the mysteries of the world outside our valley. For my mother it was a time of transformation. Her homely brown face would be lit up with a look of divine fulfilment, and a secret smile played on her lips. Right through the day, friends and neighbours would squat with my father, and my mother would be kept busy, filling endless bowls of tobacco. A hazy con- tentment filled the air. And through the smoke and mascu- line aroma, would drift fragments of worldly talk — the price of land, the high yielding varieties, the subsidy on fertilizers, the irri- gation loan. And my mother seemed happy to shift the yoke for those happy carefree days. She would paint pictures of godd- esses on the earthen walls, make offerings to gods in temples, and a hundred other little fe- minine things I had never seen her do before.

And through the long winter nights, my father would talk in low warm whispers to my mo- ther. And none would ever know how much those moments meant to me. For I felt the world was in good, safe hands, because my father and mother together were running things. And I knew there was nothing to be afraid of, ever.

During his stay my father would have matters to settle with the patwari, and the mo- neylender and the cooperative society. But the days of his va- cation were too short, and no- thing would be completed. The threads to be picked up again next time. Another long year to wait in loneliness, in longing, in bewilderment at a system that took him so constantly, so regu- larly away from us. In my grow- ing years the going away hurt me more than ever. How much worse the parting was for my mother I dared not surmise. I did not ever know its depths, for she was back in harness the next morning in the predawn greyness, feeding the fire with twigs and grass.

Then one year the war came, and my father came home no more.

My mother carried on as be- fore. Never complaining, never bemoaning her fate. For she was not the only one in the village who had lost. It was the tradi- tion here that the men in each generation must go and join the regiment. None ever challenged the tradition in my valley. And then it was my turn to go.

I was startled out of my thoughts by the roar of applause as the Colonel finished speak- ing. Someone mentioned the good work done by the Colonel's wife for the unit. She had been so active in organising charity shows, and welfare programmes. And they said what a great and gracious lady she was. And again I thought of my mother in that far away valley, in the shadow of the mountains, bending with her sickle on the hillside. I won- dered why I never thought of calling her great.

The untouchable toilet

In India, toilet is a dirty word. It needn't be.

Most people really treat their toilet dirty. No other room in the house gets as little attention. No room needs it more. What we choose not to see doesn't bother us at all. Well here's something that will:

A dirty toilet doesn't just look and smell unpleasant. It is unhealthy, unhygienic, even positively dangerous.

That's the plain truth. Not understated. But not exaggerated either. So perhaps you should ask yourself a question.

Is your toilet as clean as you'd like it to be?

There's only one person who need know the answer. You.

Even if you get the sweeper to clean it every morning, is he doing it as well as he should. Or as quickly as possible?

If you're not happy with your answer, here's something you'll be happy to hear of... Sanifresh.

What is Sanifresh?

Sanifresh is a lavatory cleanser that does a lot of dirty work for you. Flush the toilet first.

Then sprinkle Sanifresh generously inside the toilet bowl. Give it 3-4 hours to act. Better still, leave it overnight. Then flush again. If the flush does not work, pour a bucketful of water And there, all your cleaning problems have gone too!

Sanifresh acts 3 ways:

1. Sanifresh cleans thoroughly.

It contains a highly active cleansing agent that removes the most stubborn stains. Sanifresh cleans where a brush can't even reach.

2. Sanifresh gets rid of dangerous germs.

A toilet can be a breeding ground for germs, a likely source of disease. Sanifresh gives you the kind of protection ordinary 'phenyles' cannot. So you can be absolutely sure your toilet is absolutely safe.

3. Sanifresh banishes unpleasant odours.

A toilet can smell awful. Bad ventilation traps odours and makes the problem worse. Sanifresh contains a deodorant that freshens the air and dispels odours.

How often should you use Sanifresh? Considering how important toilet cleanliness is, there's just one answer. Every single day

It does all your dirty work to keep your toilet clean.

BALSARA —FOR MODERN AIDS TO BETTER LIVING

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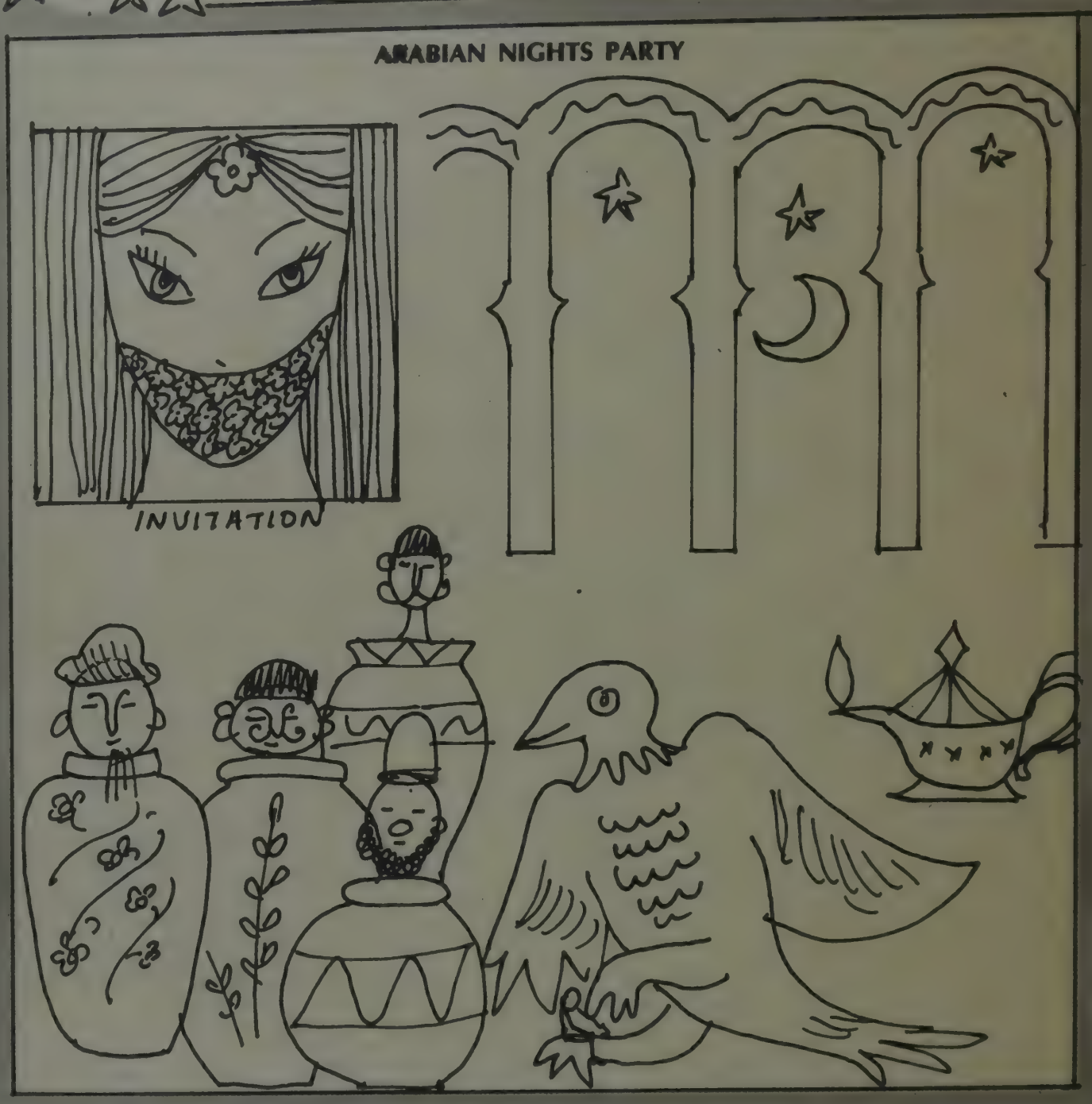
OF ARABIAN NIGHTS

PARTY IDEAS



The zingiest teenage parties or socials are those which appear to run themselves. But such a happy state of affairs does not occur just by itself. Disco music, strobe lights and crates of Colas are not the sole ingredients of a super party. Choose guests with congenial tastes, keep your room clear of breakable antiques, fix your timing taking into consideration the curfew hours of the gang.

Your menu may be just snacks or a hot buffet, but see that you have enough in quantity and that you serve it attractively. Three deplorable creatures that have crept into teenage entertaining are the "gate crasher," the "party hopper," and the "late comer." The first should be firmly discouraged and if you yourself are punctual and do not flit around on the same evening to several parties, your friends will follow your example.

Teenage parties centre on dancing. A few couples may prefer to keep themselves to themselves but the crowd will have more fun if dancing remains a group activity interspersed with a few games and some "mix partner" dances to circulate the crowd. For a change of pace include some special stunts or items by your talented guests.

The most important step in organizing a party or social — whether for 50 or 500 — is to choose a theme. A theme gives your party personality. Once you've decided on that, the ideas start to pop and everything else falls into place. Here are some ideas to help create a party that will be memorable!

ARABIAN NIGHTS PARTY

The invitation is a harem girl's face mask of plain folded card paper, cut in an inverted U. Cut out the eyelashes from dark brown coloured paper, the "yashmak" is black lace and a sequin glitters in the hair. Specify that the guests dress in Arabian Nights style.

The guests enter to the welcoming words OPEN SESAME cut out of gold paper and pasted near the door bell.

The party room is fragrant with the scent of agarbattis which burn in strategic positions. A genuine incense burner will add to the atmosphere. Cover all the lights with layers of coloured cellophane paper.

Create an Arabian Nights atmosphere. Remove all the pictures from the walls. Take full-sized sheets of brown paper and cut out an arch from each sheet. Fleck each arch with white paint, mosiac fashion. Fix three or four of these on one wall with cello tape. Cut out strips of brown paper and shape into an oblong window against the last arch. Fill the window with a silver crescent moon and stars.

On another wall make a large gate with two rows of paper gummed tape, topped with a paper dome. Decorate the dome with gold paint and fix little paper designs between the two rows of the tape.

On a third wall you can hang a large thermocole or card-paper "roc" with tissue paper wings. You can let your imagination run wild in creating this mythical bird, but remember to have a tiny Sinbad the Sailor clinging onto one talon.

You can also cut jars out of gift-wrapping paper with Ali Baba's thieves' heads popping out, to brighten another wall.

Start with a dancing-mixer, place three chairs in a row, with a young man in the centre. He selects two ladies from his harem seats them on either side of him, introduces himself and dances with the one on his right. She in turn, selects two men, who sit on either side of her and she dances with the one on her right. This goes on until all the couples are dancing.

Then you can play the "Caliph of Baghdad". Divide the guests into two sides and select a Caliph. He calls out a list of objects like a man's torn sock or the girl with smallest waistline. A point is given to the side which presents each item through the Captain, and the winning side has the most points.

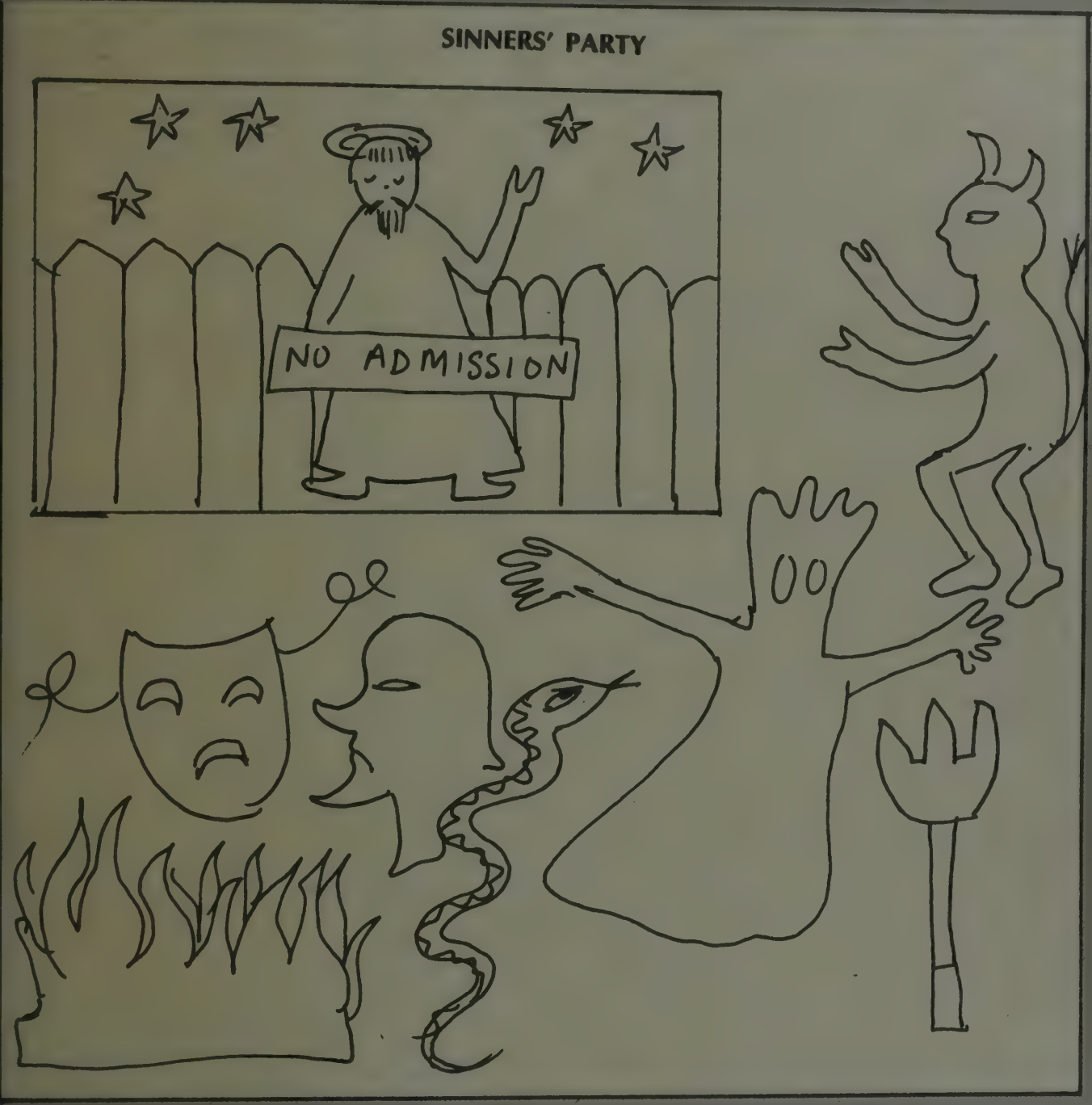
Rustle up an Arabian Nights Quiz, with the help of a book of stories, for the benefit of guests who like pencil and paper games.

And don't forget to have a costume parade to select the

AND WITCHES' BROOMS!

FOR TEENAGERS

Anne de Braganca Cunha



best dressed young man and lady.

Centre the dining table with a treasure chest made out of a cardboard box covered with foil and bursting with baubles and jewellery. Light the table with cutout clay diyas. The food is in keeping with the theme — biryani, leg of lamb, Moghlai chicken, a pumpkin Maharajah's head tooth-picked with titbits. The dessert is rich (a Hyderabadi sweet is ideal) and covered with layers of edible silver foil, or just bowls and bowls of fresh fruit. Round up with strong black Turkish coffee. A nice touch is to draw out an Arabian Nights scene on your paper serviettes; with tracing paper and a felt-tipped pen, this is easier than it looks.

SINNERS' PARTY

There's an urge in every one of us to "jump the traces" and qualify as a champion sinner. Usually virtue steps in and very little comes of it all. By having a Sinners' Party, you can offer your friends a chance of at least appearing as the sinners that they have sometimes wanted to be!

The invitation is a cartoon of Saint Peter at the Pearl Gates, closed of course, in which is hung a sign saying "No Admission." Ask each guest to come dressed as his or her favourite sinner: Adam, Eve, Rasputin, Mr. Hyde, Salome, Cleopatra, Ravana, Hitler, Blue Beard, Scarlett O'Hara, Louis XV, Billa, etc. The colour scheme for your decor is black and red. The walls may be decorated with silhouettes of imps, devils, serpents, devil's tridents.

Give each guest a list of things which have been placed inconspicuously about the house. These could be a cork-tipped cigarette, a pair of red dice, a Jack of spades, a hangman's noose (home-made) a policeman's whistle, a toy gun, a black face mask, a false moustache, a thumb print. Instruct each guest to write on his list the location of each article which must not be moved or touched.

The winner is chosen after 20 minutes.

The dining table cloth is criss-crossed with red and black streamers, the candles are red, and for the centrepiece fill a cauldron with red apples. Your dishes can be named "Beelzebub Cocktail", "Devilled Eggs", "Green Magic", "Sinister Bars", "Fallen Angel Cake", "Witches Brew".

During dinner each guest is given a slip of paper on which he writes the names of three persons who are wearing the best costume. The three winners of this ballotting are announced at the end of the dinner.

Next play "Who's A Sinner". Seat the guests in a circle. Whoever is to start, points a finger at someone, and mentioning his first name, asks "Who's a sinner?" Now here's the catch. If the leader points with his right hand, the player pointed at must immediately point to some other player on his right and call his or her name. If the leader points with his left hand, the player pointed at must point to another player on his left. The second player may point with either hand. The game will proceed like this. Nikhil points with his right hand at Tejal and asks, "Tejal who's a sinner?" Tejal points with her left hand at Rahul who is on her right and says "Rahul". Rahul points with his left hand at Ravi who is on his **left** and says "Ravi". Ravi points with his **right** hand at Swati who is on his left. The action must be quick. Any player who hums or haws or uses a nickname is given a forfeit.

Witches' Broom Dance

Line up the girls and boys in separate facing rows. There should be one extra boy. The rows march four steps towards each other and back, and again four steps forward and back. The lone boy who totes the broom marches up and down between the rows. The music stops and everyone including the broom carrier finds a partner. The player left without a partner dances with the broom. Continue this as a Tag dance with the broom dancer cutting into other couples and handing the broom to the extra boy.

OF ARABIAN NIGHTS AND WITCHES' BROOMS!

If your guests are histrionically inclined play "Devilish Proverbs." Divide them into teams and let one team act out a proverb to the other, e.g. "A rolling stone gathers no moss," "The pot calls the kettle black", "There's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip," "You can't have your cake and eat it too", "The devil finds work for idle hands."

HAWAIIAN LUAN

Invite your friends to your Polynesian paradise with a collage invitation depicting a palm tree, a guitar and a silver moon. Present each guest with a lei (garland) as he or she enters. Make leis by cutting 2" circles of tissue paper. Fold in quarters and thread on a needle. When you have threadled 24 circles open out each circle and lo! You have a beautiful lei.

Decorate your walls with cutouts of palm trees and a huge volcano. A real fish net draped along a wall lends atmosphere. And if you can persuade your guests to come dressed in grass skirts — or at least lungis — so much the better.

Start with a **Hula Hula.** Make your guests form a circle with a girl in the centre. She dances to the chant of "See how Bina does the Hula Hula Hula.

"See how Bina does the Hula Hula Hula,

Hula, Hula Hula Hula Hula, See how Bina does the Hula Hula."

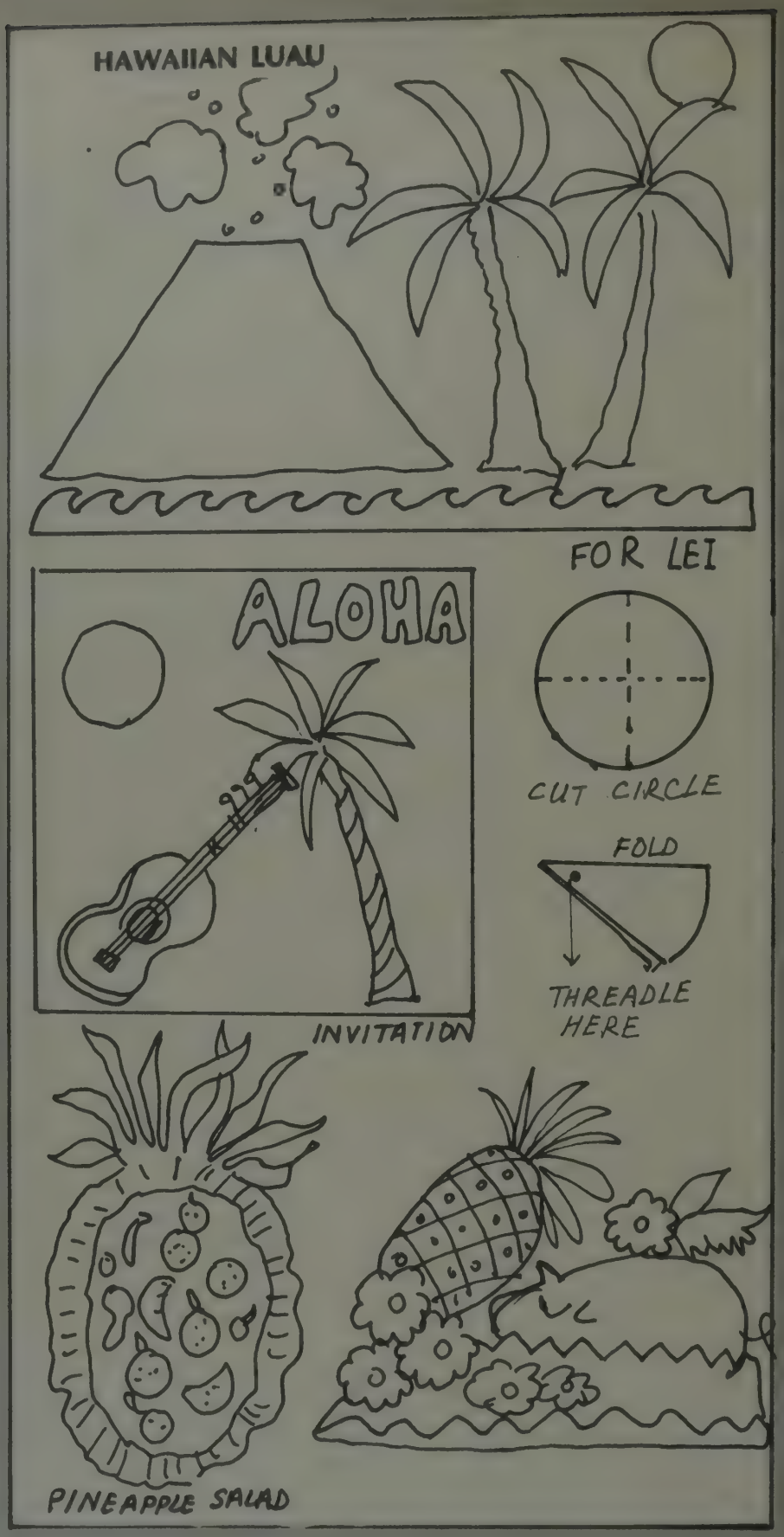
Bina points to Ramesh who does his own gyrations and he gets a girl in the centre and so on.

Then give each couple a newspaper for "On, an island with you." You start playing dance music and when the music stops the couple step on the newspaper. This is, progressively folded into half until it is no larger than a man's handkerchief. Everytime the music stops the couples have to stand within the newspaper. Those who are not, are out. Naturally the most acrobatic couple wins.

Hula Hoop

When your guests are tired of dancing form them into a circle with couples facing one another. Make a rope circle just large enough to encircle two persons. To the sound of music this "Hula Hoop" goes around the circle. Each couple must go through the circle, starting from their heads and going down to their toes. They step out of it and pass it to the next couple who does likewise. The couple entangled in the "hula hoop" when the music stops is out.

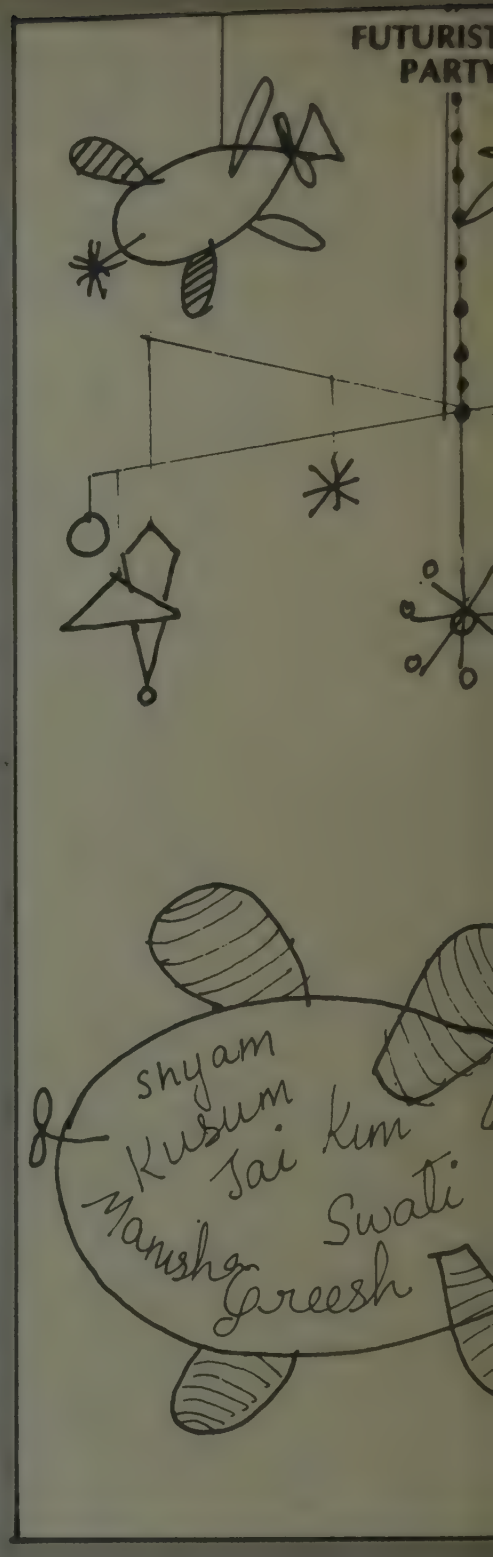
The dining table is strewn with palm leaves and flowers. Salads are a must for a Hawaiian luan. Serve in hollowed out water melons or pineapple. You can also toothpick titbits like cheese, cherries, pineapple chunks, cocktail onions, dates stuffed with cheese, on a large pineapple. Use coconuts liberally in your savoury dishes and if you are a non-vegetarian a roast pigling will give just the right touch.



FUTURISTIC PARTY

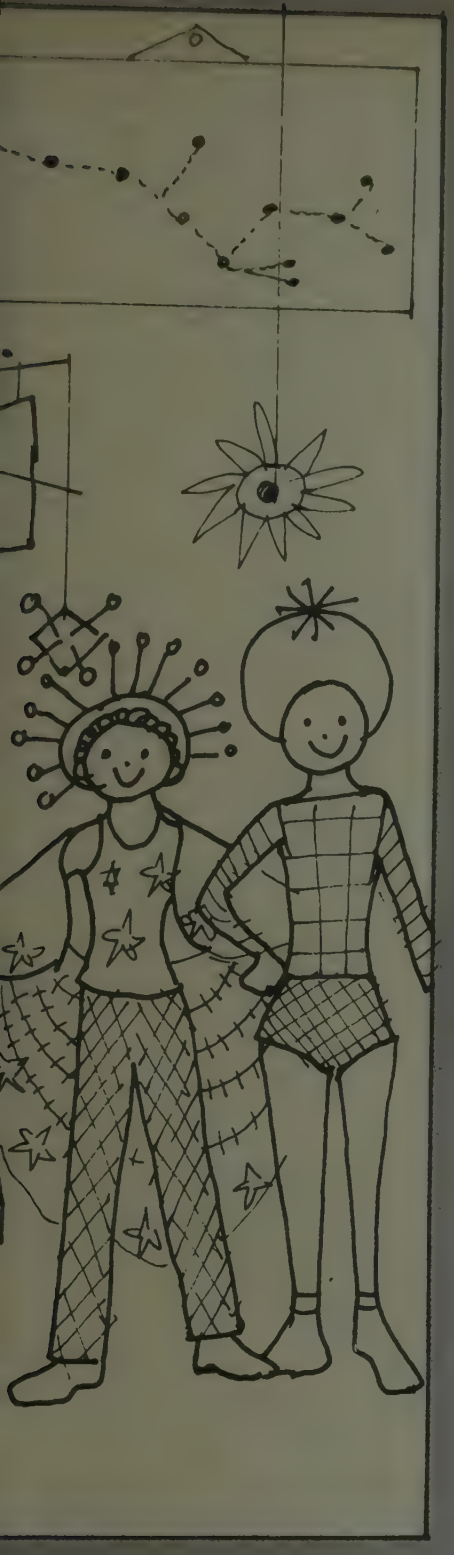
For a dazzlingly different party, decorate a card with silver stars and whip up a rhyme asking your friends to "come join us in our Time Machine" — in costume course.

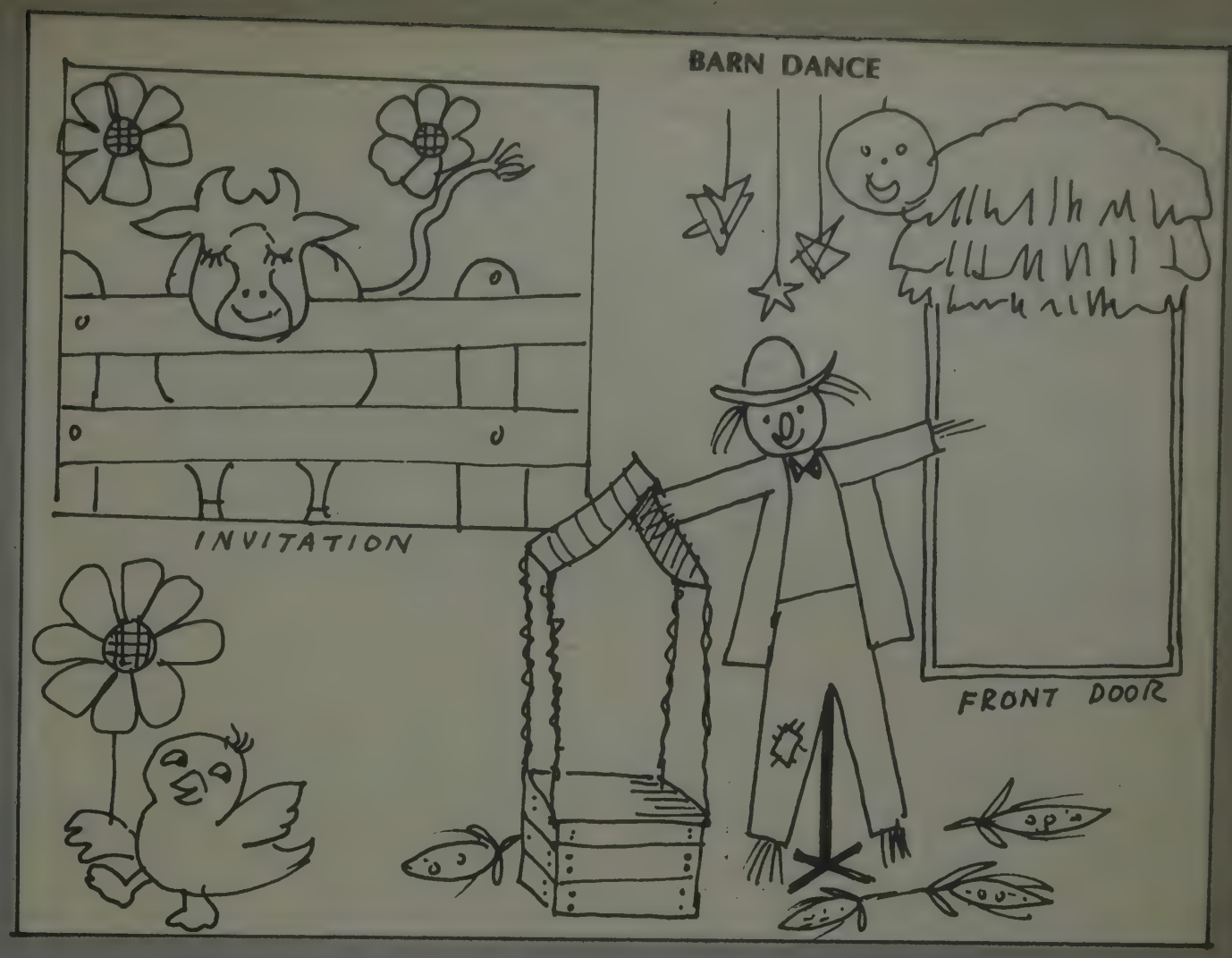
Decorate the party room with overhead streamers of dark blue crepe paper. Aluminium foil stars are suspended from the streamers, white and blue balloons are sprinkled with sheer glitter. Dim the lights with silver mobiles.



When all your guests arrive start the party with a relay called **"War of the Worlds",** the Martians competing against the Venusians. Divide the players into equal teams of couples. The girl stands to the right of her partner and links arms with him. With adhesive tape, tape together the thumb and forefinger of the girl's right hand. In the same fashion, tape together the boy's left thumb and forefinger. All couples must compete using only their taped hands with inside arms linked. At the signal, couple No. 1 of both teams must try to wrap a package and tie it. Couple No. 2 must peel an orange, couple No. 3 must lace and tie a shoe. Also try sewing a button, unwrapping a sweet etc.

Fortunes: Each player whispers





in the ear of another some activity such as digging a well, boxing, planting a tree, etc. Reverse directions and whisper to each other the name of a different person. Change places, then whisper around the circle the name of a place. Each guest then reveals his future by putting together the three whispers and prefacing them with the words "25 years from today — I shall be eating a banana with Jimmy Carter at Meenakshi Temple".

Have a contest to judge the most apt, original and ridiculous costume. Toy space ships are prizes. Ask all the guests to autograph it with black crayon before awarding them to the winner.

"Out of this World" dance can serve as a mixer. Blindfold the boys. The girls select partners but must speak in disguised voices, pretending to be visitors from outer space. The first boy to guess his partner's identity wins a prize. After one dance, the girls exchange partners. This action is repeated after the next dance, too. Every boy successfully identifying his three partners wins a prize.

For your table use a white cloth, white candles aglow with silver and blue glitter. Fill a plain glass bowl with Christmas tree baubles. Make your food look as strangely exotic as possible and title them with cards saying "Neptune Nuggets" (batata vadas) — "Rings around Saturn" (Chaklis).

AMERICAN BARN DANCE

Transform a room into a barnyard with a few simple decorating tricks. Turn a large doorway into a barn yard hay loft with a few folds of brown wrapping paper. Cover the area above the entrance making it in the shape of a barn roof. Slash strips of wrapping paper 10" deep along one edge. Overlap each section and fix above the door. A packing crate with four sticks becomes an old fashioned well. Inside the well place a bucket of squash and with a large ladle scoop the water out into small paper cups for thirsty farmers. Add corns stalks, pumpkins and a scarecrow (made of crossed sticks and old cloths). Cover the ceiling with blue paper, add aluminium foil stars and a large yellow moon.

In your invitations ask your guests to come in jeans. Group dancing of all kinds is the order of the evening and when exhaustion threatens throw in a few games. End the party with disco dancing, of course.

Play **"Couple Chair Relay".** Set a goal-line 10 to 20 feet in front of teams. At the signal, the first couples run, each couple carrying a folding chair, to the goal line. Then the boy sets up the chair, the girl sits down, the girl gets up and, carrying the chair, they race back together, the second couple repeat the action. The first team to finish wins.

Yankee wing-grab: The boys stand behind each other in a row, the first boy with his left hand on his hip, left arm bent. the second with his right hand on his hip and right arm bent, then the third boy in the same position as the first player, alternating arm positions to the end of the line. The girls, one more in number than the boys. march to music in a circle around the boys. When the music stops each girl grabs a "wing." The girl without a wing is out of the game. One boy, must also drop out off the line each time, so that eventually only two girls are left marching around one boy. Whoever grabs the last wing wins.

That's My Daisy: Cut out large paper daisies, one for each couple. Then tear each individually so that the torn edge is unlike any other. Place the left halves in a straw basket and the right halves in another. Girls pick from one box, boys from the other — and the boy and the girl with the matching halves are partners for the next game.

Howdy: The couples form a circle facing inside. One couple who walks around the outside of the circle, suddenly tags a couple and continues on in the same direction. The tagged couple must run around the circle in the opposite direction. When the two couples meet, the boys shake hands and the girls bow while all say "Howdy" three times. They then rush to try to reach the vacant place in the circle first. The losing couple becomes the tagging couple. For real confusion and fun have two or three tagging couples in action at the same time.

Serve refreshments from a red-checked table cloth attractively decorated with fresh flowers or leaves and a mini scarecrow. Have platters of hard boiled eggs, cold meats, salads, brown and white bread and let everybody make their own sandwiches. Doughnuts or brownies will make a super dessert.

The crusade gets under way — marchers from Himachal Pradesh (left), Jammu and Kashmir

WALKING

A UNIQUE CONTRIBUTION TO THE INTERNATIONAL YEAR OF THE CHILD WAS THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE, A MORE PRACTICAL AND FRUITFUL EFFORT THAN MOST, TO FOCUS ATTENTION ON THE NEEDY CHILD. CHILDREN THEMSELVES PARTICIPATED IN THE MARCH THAT TOOK THEM THROUGH MANY RURAL AREAS WHERE THEY COULD SPREAD THE MESSAGE OF THE IYC TO THOSE PEOPLE WHO ARE OUT OF REACH OF THE MEDIA

Jyotsana Kapoor

The Walking Crusade, started in various parts of the country on 2nd October, 1979 to draw the attention of parents, teachers and society towards the needs of the child, reached its destination, Delhi, on November 11, 1979. Marching in relay groups throughout the day, these crusaders gathered in a village each evening to talk, to recite poems and to give cultural programmes to the public. They walked for at least 40 days in their states before coming to Delhi by bus or by train.

About 1500 children who had come from all parts of the country were absolutely thrilled to be in the capital. Some of them who had come from very remote villages were just wonder struck to see the tall buildings, cinemas and the large number of cars moving around in the city. For most of them, it was an altogether new world. They were eager to go back to their villages and narrate their interesting experiences to their friends and relatives.

The concept of the walking crusade, which was based on "compassion and suffering for the needy child," was successful in bringing into focus the needs of the child. Since it was Mahatma Gandhi who had used "Padya Yatra" as a method of mass awakening, it was on his birthday that the young crusaders started their walk.

The walk, which started in Baroda in Gujarat on Gandhiji's birthday, was led by four Australians belonging to an organisation called "For those who have less." These four Australians had already covered a distance of 7,200 kms. in Australia as a part of the "Crusade of Compassion for the child", making it the longest ever walk in history. These crusaders reached Delhi in 40 days after covering a distance of about 1100 kms.

63-year-old Dr. Len S. Reid, a former member of the State and Federal Parliament of Australia and the President of the organisation, said, "Our crusade intends to highlight the desperate plight of the children on the Indian sub-continent. We feel that it is of no use having love and compassion for a child unless we are prepared to act on these feelings.

"The walk has been of great help to us as it made us see the suffering of children on the way and we were able to take on the spot decisions to start some projects there. Had we travelled all this distance by car or by bus, the crusade would have lost its meaning."

On the way, these walkers stopped at Jaipur and impressed by the work being done by a woman in an institution meant for destitute children, decided to sponsor the maintenance and education of ten children. These children who accompanied the Australians to Delhi enjoyed their walk and said that they were really looked after well by the villagers on the way. They walked eight kms. every day and took eight days to reach Delhi.

"I have got my heart in it and the crusade does something inside me," said Dr. Reid. "I am 63 years old and at my age it is not very easy to bear all the hardships of a walk. But when I think of the suffering of so many children, I get an extra strength which is not only physical, but also moral and mental. We will continue with these walks even when the International Year of the Child is over, so that people and governments do not forget their responsibilities."

Dr. Manmohan Kaur, Zonal Director (North), had brought about 300 children with her. "To begin with we had some apprehensions about the success of the crusade. But the parents and various administrative heads were very cooperative and gave us all the help we needed. The villagers on the way received the children with great enthusiasm and gave them shelter and food without any reservation.

"The walk has been a good thing as we were able to reach all those people who do not read newspapers. It has certainly been successful in inviting the attention of the rural people to the needs of the children. For the children also it was an enjoyable experience as they were happy that for the first time they were able to put their ideas across

(centre) and marchers arriving in Delhi (right).

FOR A CAUSE

to the grown-ups who willingly listened to them. It was also for the first time that the children were participating in a programme directly, and so felt very important."

Dr. Kaur, who is deeply involved in welfare work for children, feels that if every educated child takes it upon himself to help one child, even if it is motivating him for immunisation, and if each adult decides to contribute one paisa every day to help this cause, lots of needy children can be helped. "Just saying something needs to be done is not enough. If this crusade can be followed up, good results can certainly be achieved."

Young Javed Ahmed Khan had come from a village in the State of Jammu & Kashmir. "We heard that this crusade will be good for children and they will be able to make more progress this year. That is why I decided to join the walk. It was a good experience and we were able to tell a lot of villagers on the way to look after their children. We explained to them what the year meant and what they can do to make their children healthy and good citizens. It had an effect on them as they realised that we had walked a long distance to say something to them, and so it had to be good!"

Lots of children were of the opinion that the crusade had helped a great deal in bringing about national integration as children of different states were able to share their views with each other. Many of them also got a chance to see the different dresses and languages of other states. They all found it very educative.

Young Manchand Sharma from Himachal Pradesh had come out of his village for the first time. For him Delhi was an entirely new experience. "I think all children should be shown new places. They must meet new people, hear their leaders speak and see how the people in the cities live and earn their living. It will help the children a great deal and give them a lot of confidence in themselves," he said. "I have seen all this for the first time and I am grateful to the organisers of the crusade for giving me this opportunity. I hope many more walks of this kind will be organised every year, so that many other children will get a chance to learn new things."

According to Mr. Pillai, South Zone Director, the walk proved a great success in bringing the child to the forefront. "It is the first time that a crusade of this kind has been organised in India, where everything is being done by the children and for the children. During the five-day camp in Delhi, the children got a chance to exchange views, make friends and exhibit their talents individually as well as collectively. The walk has been able to emphasize the necessity for proper care of the child and also the proper development of the child in the right direction. Lots of villagers have been made aware of these needs as the children stopped in various places and told the villagers how to look after their children well."

Dr. Len Reid, President of the Organisation, with children from Rajasthan.

Mrs. Indira Trivedi, organising Secretary of the crusade, said that the walk will produce not only immediate results, but will also achieve good results in the long term. "All the children who took part in the walk have been made aware of so many things. They realised how ill fed and ill clad they were in comparison to city children, what their rights and their responsibilities were and how they can overcome their shortcomings. I am sure when they grow up, they will prove to be better citizens and enlightened parents."

Mrs. Trivedi said that the plight of overpopulated countries like India was really bad. "90 per cent of over 250 million children suffer from malnutrition. A hundred thousand children in the age group 0-5 die of it every month. About 25 lakhs face blindness due to severe Vitamin A deficiency. Over two lakhs are beggars and India has the biggest child labour force in the world. Not many of us realise the magnitude of the problem. But I sincerely hope that the crusade has been able to create awareness among the people of the country of the needs of the children as well as their own responsibility to create situations

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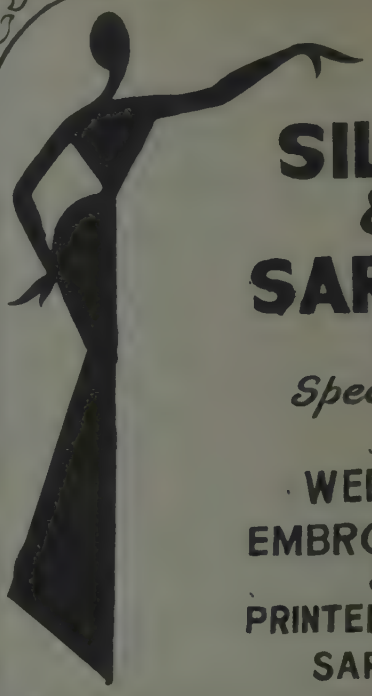

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in which children get love, affection, care and opportunities to grow into useful citizens."

According to Mrs. Trivedi, the crusade also gave an opportunity to children to actively propagate their thoughts and values in a meaningful way while gaining valuable experience. She feels that the hardships experienced by the crusaders will make them realise the hardships of the deprived child.

"The crusade," said Mrs. Indira Dey, General Secretary, Indian Council for Child Welfare, "was a big success and a unique event. The very conception of it was something really great. It was for the first time that so many children from villages, slums and orphanages had gathered in Delhi. We tried our best to make them feel that they are one. A seed has been sown. Let us hope that the results will be fruitful. I.C.C.W., a non-government organisation, has spent about one and a half lakhs of rupees on the crusade and is doing as much as it is capable of doing. But the real impact of it will be felt only if it is followed up. We have many dreams for the future. How many of them can become a reality depends on the resources at our disposal. Still we are very hopeful."

Welcoming the children on the day they arrived in Delhi, Dr. S. Muthu, then the Union Minister for Social Welfare, said that the aim of the crusade was to propagate the child as a priority in the home and to create awareness in the country about problems related to the child such as primary education, health and nutrition. She expressed the hope that the children themselves will help in spreading this message among their friends and relatives.

The International Year of the Child has come to an end. It is up to the national policy makers of the country to see that the ideals with which the crusade started become a reality. Children must be regarded as assets of a country. Once this happens, nothing can stop the country from progressing. Let us hope that the child which was made a focal point in this year is not neglected in the future.

The Country's Future Citizens On The Country's Future

The Vice-President of India, Mr. M. Hidyatullah, speaking at the children's seminar.

For young Suresh Kumar Khanna, a 9th class student of a Government Secondary High School, Delhi, November 14, 1979 was a very important day. He was asked by Mr. M. Hidyatullah Vice-President of India, to preside over the Seminar "My Vision Of India In 2001," organised by the Indian Council for Child Welfare. About 20 children aged between 11 and 16 years from all parts of the country participated in it and, speaking in various Indian languages, talked about their dreams and hopes for the future of India. While most of them were optimistic and were of the opinion that they will usher in a golden period when they grow up, some of them expressed concern over our growing population, food shortages and undernourished children.

Young Rosika Soin of Delhi was of the opinion that India in 2001 would be a much better country than what it is now. "In 2001, it would have overcome its major problems of poverty and illiteracy. There will be cleanliness all around and there will be no diseases which kill children and infants. There will also be no unemployment. Our country has great potential and a lot can be achieved if only our politicians work for it."

Kamna Popli said that more stress should be laid on the development of children as they are the future of India. "I think government should distribute to the villagers all the things they need so that no one remains hungry or needy. If this is done, I am sure by 2001 everyone in India will be self-sufficient and happy. Efforts should be made to see that all children are given a chance to develop their talents as it is only then that they will be able to usher in a new and happy future when they grow up."

The children showed a great awareness about the unstable political conditions prevailing in our country at present, and hoped that the politicians, instead of fighting among themselves, would in future pay more attention to the needs of the people. All the children participating in the seminar spoke with great enthusiasm and expressed their views on many subjects. Many of the boys said that by 2001 India will be very advanced in scientific technology and Indians will inhabit other planets. Some of the girls expressed concern at the dowry system and hoped that this evil would be eradicated from our society by the time the next century begins.

A young boy Vishal Jain, said that the increasing population must be checked. "Each year we increase by one and a half crores. This figure of annual increase is more than the total population of most of the European countries. With this growth rate, the futurologists declare that there would be no space, fuel or food by the end of the century. Poverty, pollution and hunger will prevail. Malnutrition will lead to the increase in the population of the blind, disabled and mentally retarded. Still I am optimistic. I have faith in the children of today who are going to be the citizens of tomorrow. With them will emerge a new generation to give a new direction to the country," he said.

But according to him, one year for children was not enough as they needed attention and love all the time.

Rakesh Kumar Singh from Bihar said that the United Nations had done a great service to humanity, and to children specially, by declaring 1979 as the International Year of the Child. "Most of the children in India suffer from malnutrition. These children are born in poverty, live in poverty and die in poverty."

Rakesh said that the education system in India should change so that children get more opportunities to fulfil their dreams and aspirations.

"If this year is able to give self-confidence to children, then only will this year be successful. These self-confident children can change the shape of the things to come and I am confident India's future is bright," he said.

Addressing the children on Children's Day, Mr. M. Hidyatullah said that this year merely concentrated on the problems of the children and was not the end of problems for children. "We all must continue to remove these problems. In this year, we are only deciding what is to be done. The responsibility lies first with parents, then with teachers and then with the children themselves. The parents of today do not have enough time for their children. Teachers are not much concerned as there are more students and fewer teachers. Hopes of India depend on the children of today. Devote your energies to whatever your task is at the moment."

Jyotsana Kapoor

INTERVIEW WITH THE NATIONAL DIRECTOR OF THE WALKING CRUSADE

An All-India Walking Crusade for the Rights of the Child was proposed to be conducted from October 2 to November 12, 1979, as part of the programme during the International Year of the Child 1979. The Indian Council for Social Welfare, in collaboration with international and national agencies like UNICEF, Oxfam, CARE, Adijati, organised this programme. The objective? To create awareness about the Rights of the Child, as well as awareness of community and State responsibility in creating conditions in which children get affection, care and opportunities to grow into useful citizens.

How did the idea of a National Crusade for Children by Children emerge? When I met Mr. S.V. Joshirao, National Director and Chief Executive for the walking Crusade, and asked him about this, he gave me an account of how it all began, how it was to be conducted, its programme, and ended with a passionate plea for awareness of the plight of the child, especially in India.

The whole idea emerged from a book published last September by Mr. Reid of Australia, a book of slogans, sayings and thoughts on "Crusade". The heading was "Awareness". One of Mr. Reid's thoughts was, "10,000 children die in India every day." The emotion that such a thought must raise in every person and also the year 1979 being declared International Year of the Child, gave urgency to the need for creating awareness of the problems and needs of children to parents, the State, society and social organisations at every level.

And who could get across the message more effectively than children themselves? Hence a walking crusade by children from every corner of the country to create awareness was planned. Further, the year 1979 was the 20th Anniversary of the U. N. A. Declaration of the Rights of the Child and was therefore an appropriate occasion to promote further its implementation.

The country was divided into five zones, Mr. Joshirao said — East, West South, North and Central — each with its centre in a major city. It was to be a relay, with children from every corner, right from the village level, meeting other groups of children, who would carry on from there. The crusade was to follow the national highways.

This kind of a walking crusade was not something new to India. Rabindranath Tagore's "Warkaris" was one such, where people would carry plants in pots and wherever they planted them, the local people would look after them. Only by a walking crusade the message could be got across to the largest number of people and pave the way for "awareness." The idea was to plant the seeds of awareness among the people. "Awareness was our code word," Joshirao said, "and we were hoping that greater awareness would lead to greater action."

The local committees for the crusade mobilized participation by schools and other organisations. Steps were taken to include the handicapped, the tribals and non-school going children in the crusade. Each group consisted of 25 children in the age group of 14-16 years. Children had to produce permission letters from guardians and health certificates. Each group was to cover a distance of 40 kms.

The children would carry placards, exhibits, and chant slogans. At every halt there would be programmes by the children to attract the local people where the rights of the child was to be enumerated. Torches were to be carried, and the children were to sing songs in different languages. In turn, the children would also be entertained by volunteers from the villages.

Teachers and adults would accompany the children. The children were also to carry documents on Indian customs and religions. More than 11,000 children were expected to participate in the walking crusade. Of these 1,000 were to reach Delhi by train from various points to participate in a grand programme on "Children's Day," November 14. Children from other countries were also to participate in the programme in Delhi.

Children's Day, Mr. Joshirao pointed out, would be the most appropriate, occasion for the finale of the Children's Crusade. Moreover, being a countrywide programme, it needed time to mobilize the children and the resources. The expenses for the crusade was likely to run to Rs. 2½ lakhs and they were hoping to collect this through social organisations.

The aim of the organizers was not only to make the children themselves aware of the plight of other children less lucky than they, but also to make the crusade enjoyable. The main objectives of the crusade were to create awareness of children's problems, promotion of child welfare, coordination of local agencies. Funds were also being raised for the implementation of welfare measures for needy children.

India is one of the signatories to the U.N. Declaration of 1959. So we owe some action to the U.N. and to our children to fulfil this pledge, Mr. Joshirao had said. How had we so far fulfilled the pledge? True, India is one of the few countries in the world to have a National Policy for Children, declared in 1974. India also has a high level policy making body known as the National Children's Board, with the Prime Minister as its President. The Children's Board had drawn up a national plan of action for the International Year of the Child covering health and nutrition, education, social-welfare, legislation, publicity and fund-raising.

Yet India has the largest child labour force in the world, the reason being poverty. There are lakhs of children who are beggars or vagrants, and millions who live below the poverty line in conditions leading to early death. Lakhs die every month of malnutrition. Millions of children suffer from severe vitamin A deficiency and may go blind because of this. A large percentage of school going children show signs of nutritional deficiency. There are millions of handicapped children in India.

"We are guilty of many errors, but our worst fault is abandoning the children, neglecting the fountain of life. Many of the things we need can wait. The child cannot. Now is the time his bones are being formed, his senses being developed. To him we cannot say tomorrow," Joshirao said. "Much of social work in India is by voluntary effort. It is sad to note that this effort is being mistrusted and as a result, we have failed to fully utilize this voluntary effort, which is so vital to any dramatic social change," he said.

Renuka Suryanarayan

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Angel Face compact is so silky fine it smoothes on with a feather-light touch. No blotching. No caking. And no more shiny noses! Your skin looks fresh and lovely... for hours.
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To serve an unintelligent man is like crying in the wilderness, massaging the body of a dead man, planting water-lilies on dry land, whispering in the ear of the deaf.

Panchatantra

He who deals with a blockhead will need much brain.

Spanish Proverb

One great mistake made by intelligent people is to refuse to believe that the world is as stupid as it is.

Madame De Tencin

The first mark of intelligence is not to start things; the second mark of intelligence is to pursue to the end what you have started.

Panchatantra

THE THINGS THEY SAY ABOUT INTELLIGENCE

The greater intellect one has, the more originality one finds in men. Ordinary persons find no difference between men.

Blaise Pascal

The desire to appear clever often prevents our becoming so.

La Rochefoucauld

Many complain of their looks, but none of their brains.

Yiddish Proverb

Highbrow: a man or woman of thoroughbred intelligence galloping across open country in pursuit of an idea.

Virginia Woolf

To the dull mind all nature is leaden. To the illumined mind the whole world burns and sparkles with light.

Ralph Waldo Emerson

There must always be some who're brighter and some who're stupider. The latter make up for it by being better workers.

Bertolt Brecht

If poverty is the mother of all crimes, lack of intelligence is their father.

La Rochefoucauld

A learned blockhead is a greater blockhead than an ignorant one.

Benjamin Franklin

David Gunston

FRANKLY SPEAKING

Devi

A TIRED NEW YEAR'S EVE

After the Raj-Dilip-Dev trio participating on the national stage (in the Nehru-Menon days), Shatrughan Sinha had the imagination and courage to come on the all-India scene. Manoj, the diplomat, is the "behind-the-scene" sort. But Shatru grabbed the mike and proved he is a better speaker than Atal Bihari Vajpai. He spoke to a spellbound four lakhs at the Ramlila grounds, Delhi, after a crash course at two mass meetings, one near the Mithibai College ground and the other at Chowpatty in Bombay.

Chowpatty crowds are tricky, not a star crowd but political observers, that too pedigree. The types whose grandfathers must have heard Tilak, Gandhi, etc.

If Reena Roy tried to follow Shatru's hobby of politics to the stage at the National Party meeting, it was Poonam who accompanied him to Patna, his home town. "I introduced her to the cream of Patna, as my fiancee," informed Shatru. Does Patna have a cream? I thought they only had Jayaprakash Narayan and Shatru.

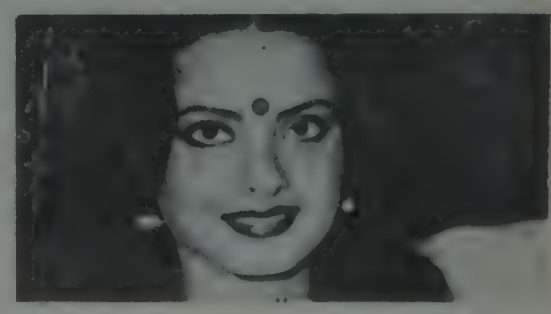
* * *

The Mukherjee clan and I found ourselves in the kora year in Om Shivpuri's house. He, with wife Sudha, decided to warm up the New Year. The addas were so enjoyable, with Bhushan Vanmali (a la Gulzar), Vijayendra and Shivpuri's little baba thrown in, that we met daily for three nights. Neither did we run out of whisky and food nor did we bore each other out.

* * *

Filmdom was on tired feet by the time the year was out. After a year of Diwali by night and Diwala by day, we really lost appetite for New Year's Eve. With big films flopping the air was uncertain. So most stars decided to pack up early and start the New Year with work on the sets. All the studios were packed with stars eager to put in work. But most, like Dharam, Zeenat, etc. on the set of Shibu Mukherjee's "Teesri Ankh" had to be sent back with thanks as they carried a severe hangover.

* * *



Rekha, after a reduction to khaddas in the cheek, has put on weight. She looked a loosely filled sack at Ranjeet's wedding party. Amitabh chose to sit next to her and they were heard making polite conversation. May be, they had run out of words; she meets him morning, noon and night on his set.

The Gulshan Rai-Amitabh rift is puc ca and now folks insist everything is not all that smooth with Amitabh and Prakash Mehra either.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS

BOMBAY

Jagdish Prints of Jetpur will hold a special exhibition-cum-sale of traditional hand printed sarees and salwar-suits for the first time in Bombay, at Aakar Art Gallery, on January 21, 22 and 23.

* * *

The Children's Complex of the Society For Clean Cities celebrated the International Year of the Child by organising a week-long Children's Day programme. "On-the-Spot" Art and Essay competitions were held and over 2,200 children from municipal and other schools in the adjoining localities participated.

Film shows with the co-operation of the Films Division were organised. Children were entertained to instrumental music by the Orchestra of the Happy Home for the Blind, and a Kathak dance recital was put up by the dance class at the Complex. The highlight of the programme was the staging of the play, "The Festival" written and directed by Randhir Khare. The play was part of the activities pursued at the Complex in its theatre workshop and was staged by over 150 children belonging to nearby hutment colonies. The society intends putting this play on wheels to entertain children of other municipal schools in the metropolis as well as children belonging to other hutment colonies of the city.

Mr. Vijay Merchant, the noted industrialist, social worker and philanthropist was the chief guest and gave away the prizes. Mrs. Ali Yavar Jung, President of the Society for Clean Cities, introduced the chief guest.

* * *

The Indian Dental Association is holding the First International and 34th National Dental Conference in Bombay from January 20 to 24. The inauguration of this Conference will be at Cooperage on January 20.

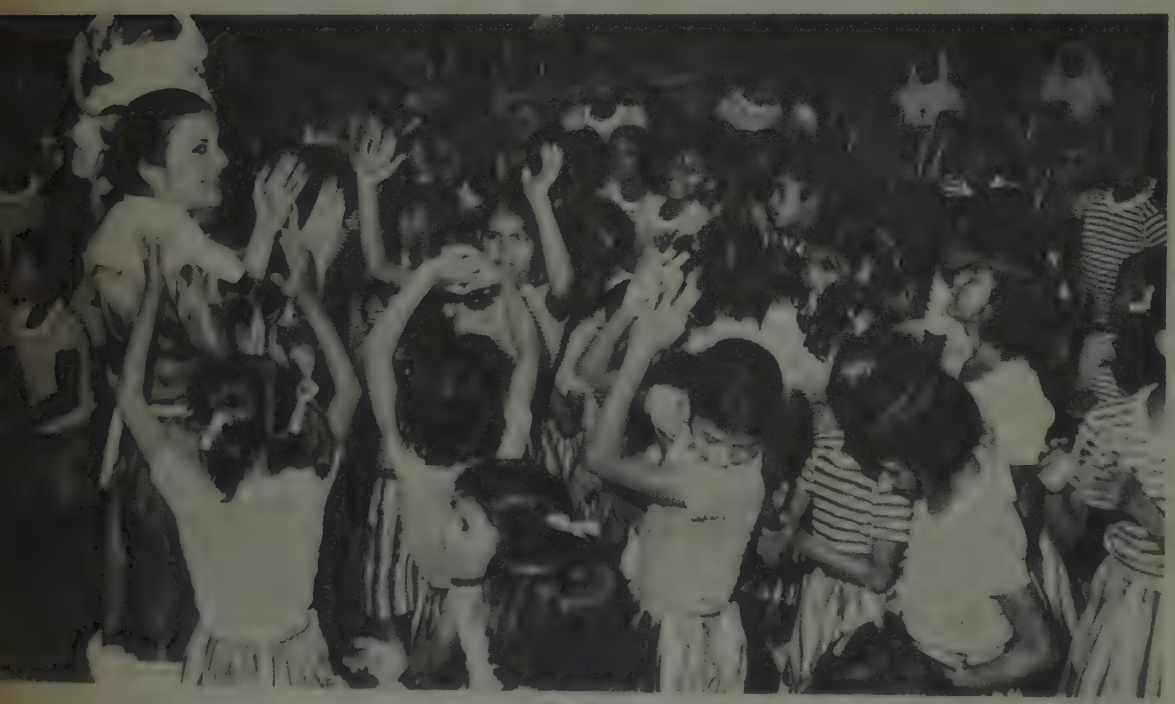
The Ladies Wing of the Conference is arranging an attractive Cultural and Social Programme for ladies accompanying the delegates during the Scientific Conference period.

A dental Fair and Exhibition will be organised in the same complex. A gala banquet will be held at the Royal Western India Turf Club on the 21st evening. On the 22nd evening there will be an entertainment-cum-cultural programme at Shanmukhananda Hall which will include a Fashion Show sponsored by Binny's Group of Mills and choreographed by Mrs. Shanti Chopra.

* * *

100 children from local orphanages — the Regina Pacis, and Our Lady's Home in Dadar, were hosted to a grand X'mas Party by Hotel Oberoi Towers in the Garden Bar-b-Q replete with a lavish buffet, a magician, Santa and Mrs. Santa, a five star band, and the renowned team of Ian & Shelle from Australia.

To bring unexpected joy to the little faces, many local cloth mills and commercial establishments joined hands with Hotel Oberoi Towers to gift the children with clothes, hampers of gifts, and toys. Hotel executives pooled in to pay for the stitching charges and to gift a toy to each



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1. 100 children from local orphanages were hosted to a grand X'mas party by Hotel Oberoi Towers, Bombay.

2. At a play staged by the children of the Children's Complex of the Society for Clean Cities, are seen Mrs. Ali Yavar Jung, President of the Society, Mr. Vijay Merchant, the chief guest, and others.

3. Members of the Zonta Club of Bombay-111 hosted a party for deaf-mute children from the Education Audiology and Research Society as a part of the 60th anniversary celebrations of Zonta International.

4. Famous film stars Gregory Peck and David Niven are seen with Mrs. V. Peck and Mrs. S. Khanna, wife of Mr. G. Khanna, Senior Vice President, at Oberoi Inter-Continental, Delhi, at a dinner for the stars of the film, "The Sea Wolves".

child. Mercury Travels and TCI contributed coaches to transport the children to the hotel and back.

DELHI

The National School of Drama presented "Chopra Kamaal Naukar Jamaal" at Pearey Lal Auditorium. This Hindi adaptation of Bertolt Brecht's play was a highly imaginative one. There were some excellent performances by Pankaj Kapoor and Anita Singh.

CALCUTTA

The American Consulate General, the American Centre, and Indo-American Chamber of Commerce organized an exhibition of Catalogues which displayed the various machine parts and machinery made for metallurgy in the U.S.A. The exhibition was inaugurated by Mr. Hiten Bhaya, Director, Indian Institute of Management.

* * *

Diana Ambache, the British pianist, presented her recital at Kala Mandir. She was sponsored by the British Council and the Calcutta School of Music.

BANGALORE

The first ever integrated camp for handicapped children was arranged, as part of the IYC programmes, by the NASEOH (National Society for Equal Opportunities for the Handicapped) in Bangalore. Mrs. Lakshmi Nizamuddin, President, NASEOH, said 45 children of various categories amongst the blind, deaf, mentally retarded and orthopaedically handicapped, attended this experimental camp for 3 days, where they had a taste of community living, fun and frolic.

The Mid-town Rotary Club were the co-sponsors of this programme. The Governor, Mr. Govind Narain and Mrs. Chandra Narain were the chief guests at the concluding function.

LUCKNOW

A star-studded cricket match and a cultural programme titled, "Jashne Dilip Kumar" drew packed houses, as people flocked to get a glimpse of their favourite stars. The proceedings of the programmes were donated towards the Chief Minister's Relief Fund and will be used to provide succour to the millions of drought stricken people in the State.

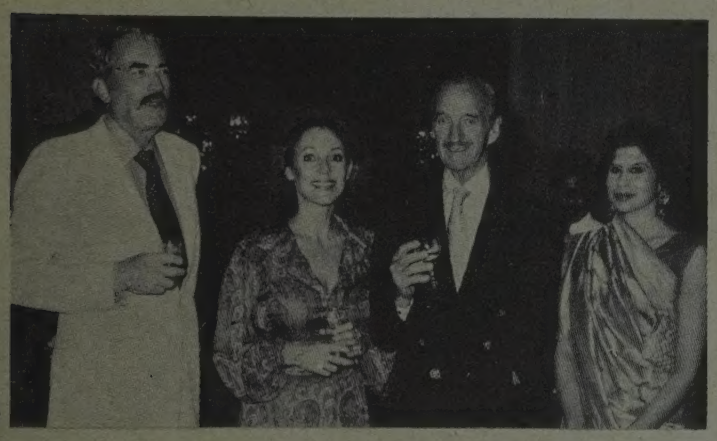
The star turnout included an impressive cast headed by matinee idol Dilip Kumar and his wife Saira Banu, newcomers Madhu Kapoor and Arun Govil, Simple Kapadia, Asha Sachdev, Sachin, Prem Chopra, Om Shivpuri and Om Prakash.

OMISSION

The interview with Geeta Zutshi, on our Women in Sport pages in the issue dated January 5, was by Pradeep Singh. The omission of his byline is regretted.

CORRECTION

In the feature, "Women Write...", (Dec. 29) Kamala Das' first book of poems, "Summer in Calcutta", was mentioned as published by Writers Workshop. It was actually published by Everest Press, New Delhi, and subsequently distributed by the Workshop. The author's error is regretted.



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5. At a function organised by the South Eastern Railway Women's Organisation in Calcutta, Mrs. S. Devi Singh, wife of the Governor of West Bengal, gives away the lottery prize to the winner. Also seen is Mrs. Sybil David, President of the Association.

6. Members of the Lioness Club of Nandambakkam, Madras, seen with Babu, a 10-year old boy to whom calipers were donated by the Club.

7. At the first ever integrated camp for handicapped children organised by the National Society for Equal Opportunities for The Handicapped in Bangalore, are seen (from left) Mr. Vinay Poddar, President, Rotary Club of Bangalore Mid-Town; Mr. Govind Narain, Governor, Karnataka; Mrs. Narain, and Mrs. Lakshmi R. Nizamuddin, President, NASEOH (Karnataka).

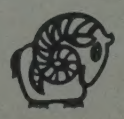
THIS WEEK FOR YOU

FOR THE WEEK JAN. 20 — 26, 1980

John Naylor

IF IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK :

If you have found life problematical over quite a long period, the upheavals were "fated" and some way or other, you had to change your course. If you have clung obstinately to the past, you have blunted your good fortune! The coming year should bring all you wish, both emotionally, and in your more practical aims. But try not to get at odds with loved ones during August and guard against loss through carelessness, misunderstandings. You may be a little rash, moneywise, during September; see that you don't fall for "get-rich-quick" schemes then!



ARIES

(Mar 22 — Apr 20)

Your affairs are in a steady uptrend although you might feel that nothing much is happening at present. Life is pleasant with lively social scene. Get ahead with routine matters, so that you have time in hand for later on.

TAURUS

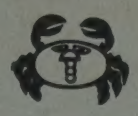
(Apr 21 — May 21)

Helpful influences are affecting your working life, worldly ambitions and prospects. So sort out thoroughly your aims and how to achieve them. Don't discount the valuable effect that friendships can bring.

GEMINI

(May 22 — June 21)

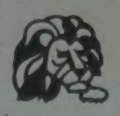
Possibly good news, holidays being planned, or a returning traveller. If you are in import and export, you could pull off something rather good. If heart-free, meetings this week look promising — one may have immediate impact.



CANCER

(June 22 — July 23)

Trivial irritations troubling you recently are over. Your love life should be settling on a better basis with nothing now to mar progress. An unusual opportunity about to arise to help your ambitions.



LEO

(July 24 — Aug 23)

News or a change you are awaiting will occur after a few weeks. Keep your affairs in order, paperwork up to date. You will be too busy for a week or two; there will be some muddle, a lack of co-operation.

VIRGO

(Aug 24 — Sept 23)

Mars is in your sign for many months, making for a positive mood, enthusiasm. You tend to be impulsive at times and this might affect you financially. So take care when buying and entertaining others.

LIBRA

(Sept 24 — Oct 23)

A lucky week for cash and friendships. As these two may be linked, be aware of friendly possibilities! If you have changes in mind, either complete them before mid-February — or leave them over for a further few weeks. Your ideas may change or new circumstances arise.

SCORPIO

(Oct 24 — Nov 22)

A splendid week of domestic matters like minor changes, a shopping spree or relatives. The accent is on close relationships for a time, with friendships and family links under affectionate influences. If unattached, a romantic trend begins.

SAGITTARIUS

(Nov 23 — Dec 22)

Everything depends upon how put your ideas across. You will be friendly with people and opportunity comes through a friendly contact. Confidential business meetings will be useful at the end of the week.

CAPRICORN

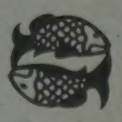
(Dec 23 — Jan 20)

Things have been looking up for you lately, with helpful starry transits moving through your sign. The Sun and Mercury move out of Capricorn, but life continues to be enjoyable and profitable for some weeks ahead.

AQUARIUS

(Jan 21 — Feb 19)

Mercury and the Sun enter your sign as this week begins. This causes a busy phase favourable for pushing ahead with your personal concerns. Good news should come in, some welcome adjustments occur in both home and working life.



PISCES

(Feb 20 — Mar 21)

Mars is in adverse position to your sign, but anyway, this planet is not sympathetic to your gentle nature. It will influence you for some months yet, so try to maintain harmony in all spheres of activity. Venus in your sign will aid you in this.

A CHAMPA GARLAND

I often see you sit
beside the champa tree
I planted
Thirty summers ago.
You never thrilled the way I did
When the first bud
burst in flower.

But now you caress
its soft green leaves.
Do they remind you
of what is past?
Of the hands that tended it
many years ago?

I read your thoughts,
I sense your pain.
I never, never thought you cared.

Your eyes are pensive now,
as you weave
A champa garland.
White hair falls across your face,
You push it off
with impatience.
I never thought
it mattered.

You twine the flowers
one after the other,
In solitary file.
I always thought
you were indifferent
To love.
When my soul did burst in flame,
Your complacence
shattered my spirit.

O, how I ached
for a gesture
To show that you did care.
I did not know,
love could be
Contained quietly
in one's heart.
That love was not all gesture.
Till now:
I watch your grief
As you reminisce.
If only you had woven me
This garland when I was.
Instead of decking now
my grave with it.

As I watch you
grieving now,
I weep in solitude.

If I could but wipe
your pain away...
If I could but give
my heart once more...
But I can't ...I can't ...
For, I am no more.

Thrity E. Bharucha

V.I.P. Interviews—8

'V.I.P.' gets de compliment from a Dutch master of de art!

Coming from the land of Rembrandt, was Mieke Van Dyke*. "Goede morgen" he said cheerily, "Spreekt U English?" And then did a fluent switch in language.

"I live," he said, "with the tulips of Amsterdam. But I travel everywhere. I fly maybe 100,000 kilometres a year. And, I fly only with the beautiful 'V.I.P.'s."

At last, we had met him. The real flying Dutchman. But, what did he do?

"You could say I pack Dutch Courage—barrels of the stuff," he replied, referring to his vast brewery interests. (But, don't be misled, this was a man with several irons in the fire!)

"Your 'V.I.P.' " he said, "appeals to me."

"Yes," we replied, in the same tone, "'V.I.P.' always goes Dutch—it pays for itself!"

"Your 'V.I.P.'s can stand anything," he exclaimed. "From a flight off a car at 120 kms per hour ...to the great Indian Drop Test!"

"The great Indian Drop Test?" we asked. We had heard him speak Dutch. But this, was Double Dutch!

"Ja!" he replied, "I come here and the porter drops the 'V.I.P.' The doorman drops the 'V.I.P.'. The chauffeur drops the 'V.I.P.'. The hotel bell boy..."

We dropped the subject.

"This time," he said, "I buy your new range, 'V.I.P.' Travelite. Right? You've roped together lightness and economy. It's the new Indian rope trick!

"But I also like the first range with the beautiful classic style. What do you call it?"

"Classic," we answered, simply.

"You have thought of everything," he carried on. "You have briefcases, carry-ons, suitcases, vanity cases...regular locks, combination locks...the works. And the colours! Now, when I go from here to America..."

"That's where you club your golf and business interests!" we quipped.

"America!" he exclaimed, "learnt golf yesterday. It's the Scots and the Dutch who fight over the origin of the game. Now, I let a Scotsman win the argument. I'd much rather win the game!"

"But it must be a business interest that brings you so often to India..."

"Well, I have bags and bags of interests," he said with a roguish twinkle, "With a man like me, there's always something brewing!"

**To protect the privacy of our 'V.I.P.' customers, it has been necessary to conceal their actual identities.*

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